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ISSUE 37

Magazine and the nation's largest baths to do it...



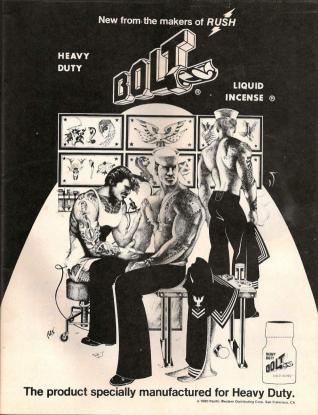


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BIG DEAL FROM DRUMINIER

All magazines have readers who vary in loyalty to their favorite periodicals. If they remember to, some readers will color the periodicals. If they remember to, some readers will color the readers will color they can be reader then, will lipit up a copy. The trouble with some gay magazines is that they can be read completely right at the newstand in a matter of minutes. Other readers will trade off one magazine for another with

their friends to save on what the cost of magazines is these days. However, there are some publications that have such a loyand their ing that its readers will promptly go to the their sources of the coningent and the control of the control of the control of the coningent of the control of the control of the control of the control from newstrand and bookstors all over the country. We also get long distance calls from readers complaining that their dealer is our and wanting to know where each even any fact up the new Publishies.

DRUMMER has never pretended to be anything it isn't nor has it ever been merely a copy of something else. It is unique, and so is its

readersup.

No matter what anyone else is selling them for, most of the back issues of DRUMMER are still available from us at thier original cover price, Issues 1, 2, 4, 5, and 20 are sold out. Up to issue 20 the price is 2,50, through issue 29 the price is 53, later than that it is \$3.50. Add 50c for postage for each magazine, Hurry, some of the copies are

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DRUMOMEN

THE SIX DOLLAR MAGAZINE Jack Prescott went too far in the last episode of MR, BENSON!

Persont Exerbans you would like to stars bloot Hills gisk or feel the crack of an East Brunswick whip? Do you creally think that the best dungeons and training rooms are in Manhattan? Fuck on I Screams are all to easily heard through thin apartment house walls. A man needs space, this own space, to promote the contraction of the contract of the con

Let time that city trash like you learn respect for the suburds. Dor'l laugh, lack; but don't come looking for us either. We wouldn't want you getting lost. Remember, we know your home town inside and out. We even know where in the lower east side you live, where in the lower east side you live, where in the lower east side you live, and the work of th

The Real Topmen New Jersey

S&M RESPONSIBILITY

Master Tony's beautiful letter (in No. 361 and DRUMMER's fine commentary on same prompt me to offer a few comments of my own. In my opinion (result of considerable bungling experimentation and disenchantment with mediocre satisfactions), a slave lacking genuine self-esteem and a Master lacking genuine humility are, for sure, a pair of losers, Excellence in "our games" requires an impeccable sense of discernment between fantasy and reality, as well as a highly developed sense of detachment from the game by the players. For any relationship or one-time-only trip to provide real satisfaction, all participants have to be comfortable with themselves and with each other and this prerequisites unwavering mutual respect. Slaves who really feel like shit and Masters who really feel really superior are rank amateurs trying simply to impress one an-

other instead of meeting in and sharing the Pleasure that's beyond roles.

DRUMMER's fiction tends, maybe unmisconstruals you editorially deplore. I can see where fiction's got to remain in the domain of fantay to keep its special power and appeal, we could really fack it solderations of the property of the power of the property of

pleasure

To counterbalance the unspeakable excesses and bestill debaucheries of your features (which, obviously, I'm not make the property of the prope

cisco).

I love DRUMMER! Keep 'em erect and trembling for more!

(Editor's Note: We've wondered about a way of presenting an unfictionalized about a NORLMMER philosophy for some time. A PRIMMER philosophy for some time. A state of the moment will include what way of a salent points of consideration. But remember, our primary responsibility to our readers is to keep them 'trembling,' as you stated. And merging fact with a say charge, even for DRUMMER, by is no easy charge, even for DRUMMER, by is no easy charge, even for DRUMMER.

There is always the abyss of taking yourself too seriously — and you can probably name quite a few gay magazines and institutions that have fallen into that

abyss already.

A single column iso't the answer it's too easy to comine gourself that the column releves you of any further responsibility. And that allows contradictions between the column and the rest of the magazine to creep in uncheeked. No, the magazine to creep in uncheeked. No, editorial framework that is consistent in all areas. We bose been working to that end for some time, and think it is beginning to surfece in real and significant allowed the some surface of the column of gaining to surfece in real and significant pointing to surfece in real and significant pointing to surface in real and significant contributions.

HOOKED

I am writing to say that I am hooked

on your magazine.

I have to say that DRUMMER is a bit like a miracle cure for me. I have been going through a two-year spell of not getting a hard-on, often due to lack of inspiration. But when I read DRUMMER

B Read London, England

I'm hard from cover to cover. Londor DRUMMER ON CBS? NEVER

Being one of the many masochiets who subjected themselves to CBS's Saturday Night Gay Massacre, (Gay Power, Gay Politics), I squealed with impish delight to see my mentor's lovely face (you, Robert Payne) as the cameras panned the "gathering of San Francisco's gay

elite and power brokers . . . "

"Eeek," I shrieked, "There's Robert
Payne . . . I didn't know he was one of

San Francisco's king-malers!"
As the program continued on its
unbridled race downhill into the mud of
inuendo, shock, ensationalism and selective blas, my glee turned to embarasment. But if it's of any consolation to
you, I was probably one of those outof-town satrys filmed cavoring hedonof-town satrys filmed cavoring hedonof-town satrys filmed cavoring hedonof-town satrys limed cavoring hedonof-town satrys limed cavoring hedonof-town satrys limed cavoring hedonof-town satrys limed satrong hedonce, all this lime I thought I was just a

semi-masochist!

Aristide
Los Angeles, CA
Editor's note: Aristide is DRUMMER's
astrologer, and Robert Payne was not
filmed or involved in the CBS Movie
of-the-Week incorrectly called "Gey
Power, Gay Politics." He was indisposed
whipping out-of-town satrys into shape

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CHAILING OFF

There are only three television networks in this country and during the most recent years they have jockied for top place in the prestiguous areas of news and documentaries, CBS, with the rich bertizes of the late Edward R. Murrow, "60 Minutes," with and more recently "60 Minutes," with and more recently been sucking him til, but not nearly as been sucking him til, but not nearly as badly as it did with its late April offering "Gay Power, Gay Politics," THAT really

sucked, ducer-narratio those interviewed, Producer-narratio George Cille micropresented his intentions. Vast segments of interviews were deleted as being not coninterview were deleted as being not conmerce out of context and edited with an exer- out of context and edited with an exer- out of context and edited with an only time in 20 years of public life that told the Los Angeles Times, "It was the low time in 20 years of public life that the context and the context and the conmake points he wanted to make, when I refused to help him make his when I refused to help him make his

The program variety of the program variety of the National Enquirer. Shots of wide-eyed children, were mixed with shots of Hallowen drags although the two groups were filmed hours and miles part. An 'expose' of Buena Vista Park — a predominately gay neighborhood complete with outraged women claiming

complete with outraged women claiming they were afraid to go anywhere near the park because of 'what went on.' No mention that the major problem in parks everywhere is heterosexual rape,

After S.F. politicos, the S.F. leather community got most of the electronic beating. We're not sure what S&M has to do with elections but Crile and crew made few pretensions of objectivity. We fully expected "Crazy Ed" Davis, ex-LAPD chief to be called on next. Perhass he was the script consultant.

Opening and closing shots of dear old Harry Reasoner were tacked on for a semblence of respectability. They even put him in front of the Washington Monument. No help, The thing was loaded with commercials whose sponsors may or may not have seen this dog beforehand. Aluminum Siding companies and used car dealers would have been more in keeping with the programs?

The bottom line of "Gay Power, Gay Politics" was that the gays were taking over politics in San Francisco and god-knows where else. San Francisco, with an official count of a 20% gay population, has one elected gay supervisor and two upfront gay appointees in city government. But CB's Crile say we are taking ment. But CB's Crile say we are taking

One message came thorugh loud and clear however. Gays are developing clout as they get their act together. May we suggest they use some of that clout by boycotting the flailing CBS network during the first week of fall programming. If a rating service contacts you, tell them, you are watching PBS or re-

MALECALL/Dear Sir:

PRETTY BOY SHIT?

I think since you are the publishers of one of the greatest magazines around for men that you should read what you print. I am an avid fan of DRUMMER. I enjoy the articles in this magazine. One thing caught my attention (Getting Off, DRUMMER No, 36 — Too fat. Too Thin

— Too Bad).

I think DRUMMER does discriminate. It discriminates in the men that are pictured in your magazine. I, for one, am tired of seeing greased-down muscle men in your centerfolds. Where are these men in real life? I live in San Francisco men in the factor bars of the city. The control of the city of the city

anything like that.
They may not fit your DRUMMER image, the image that you show in your magazine, but they are DRUMMER men, all the same. Why aren't these DRUM-MER men shown? Instead, all we get a glimpses on your tours of the cities and Tough Customers, and that's just a little

glimpse.

The rest of the magazine is muscles and pretty boy shit. Let's see some real world in a real magazine, or don't we fit your Robert Redford type?

Hal Baughman San Francisco, CA

(Editor's Note: Hol, either you howen's really been reading DRC/MMER or you're blind as a bat. In the very issue you mentioned, No. 36, the guys on the cover, and the centerfold are San Francisco read men — One of the westlers won the Brig contest prefilm's for the Mr. International Leather Contest, Even some men. And all the guys in the Tow article are read, honesti-opodness localis from the various cities. Our Tough Customers, of which there are an evening of 12 per

issue, are real men, from everywhere. In fact, DNUMER consistently partial for the property of the polytophy to bring our readers real men, really more than the DRUMBER (literature, set alm men, really more than the DRUMBER (literature, set alm men, really more than the DRUMBER) of massive days the control to abopt which will be a form the abopt which set by a flower or not body whichers by a long sheet and in every instance, or man with a sexy without brains. You should take a loose at the control of the property of the

TEXAS... NO TRUCKS

Ever since I received my first issue of your excellent magazine I've accepted as gaspel your evaluation of scenes/places. Unfortunately, issue no. 34 contains an article so full of inaccuracies as to lead me to believe its author also writes letters to the editor of Penthouse. The article, Passa Trackstop. is the one I'm referrine

I cannot imagine how out of date his Dameron's was, but looking at page 203 of the 1977 edition, I find no less than 10 baths and bars listed, Incidently, none are associated with or even near any hotel; the only establishment listed as mixed is a bathhouse.

As a lifelong resident of El Paso, I've checked with all my friends concerning the code for come and get it'— no one the code for come and get it'— no one drive 40 miles north into New Mexico, as the author states, you'll find yourself in downtown Los Cruses, where I'm sure the local authorities would take exception to anyone who stripped completely. "To feel

the cool breeze through my legs."

Since Highway 55 does not run through El Paso, this may be a possible explanation for the article's inaccuracies. You'll find that Highway 55 originates Ponchatoula, Louisiana (1000+ miles away) and heads north, terminating in

away) and heads north, terminating in Chicago. Best wishes for the continued success of your excellent magazine.

J. Weathers El Paso, TX

Editor. Note: What you keep referring to ear article wee a Tough Tole, series of some article week Tough Tole, series of some article week Tough Tole, series of some south as yourself, as examples of some true or healight zone fantasy that was personal to the author but universal in presental to the author but universal on the south true of the south true article was a series of the south true article with the series of the south true article was a series of the series when the series were true article with the series were true article was the series were true series. West Texas desert. But I'm sure you have some Tough Tales of your own, and we've'd always be interested in hearing we've'd always be interested in hearing

PRESCOTT, BEWARE!

We are long time readers of DRUM-MER and until No. 36 we've never had reason to complain. However, we now find it necessary to do so.

If there are two things that a New York writer should learn right away they are: one should never put down cats or insult people who live in New Jersey. His number is 9973. His need is honest and deep. His orders were explicit. The door to which he reported could only be found by doing exactly as he was told and he could only be admitted at the exact time he was given to report.

He was not reporting for the 48-hour Quarters Slaw Training, but only for an already determined period of time in which he would experience Bondage and Discipline within his limits. He was almost sure of that. Yet the salty sweat in his armpits was the same as on his nut ascak. The stomach sinking submission with which he gave his number to the demanding voice in the box made his assumed to the same than the same than

He knew only that he would be assigned to a Drill Instructor who would be responsible for his experience. When he big man at the door began to knek him into custody he began the first of his many mental machinations. There wasn't a lot of time to think of the things he would be willing to do for this

first Ouarters Man.

He was quickly taken down a dark corridor, through a courtyad area into another dark corridor and forced through an unmarked door. All of the outside walls of the buildings were covered with walls of the buildings were covered with couldn't tell it was there unless you knew where to look. Inside the first door was a completely black boxed-in area where he could see nothing. The wood was rough when he was forced up against it and when he was forced up against it and the couldn't be the could see nothing. The wood was rough when he was forced up against it and was not to him at all. was not to him at all. was not to him at all. was not to him at all.

An inner door opened, Heat from an old, large gas stove, dark red lights; candles burning; the smells of leather, piss, crisco, amyl, burnt wax, heavy sweat, grease and Men; and the strength of the hands that moved him into Cell Block 3.





A DAYATTHE QUARTERS

DRUMMER 8













He glimpsed the already caged boy before he was forced into the spread eagle search position. They were thorough and quick. He was stripped, the clothes se-curely locked away and his arms spread and cuffed to the cage. Before the hood went on he figured out that there were three Men handling him. The boy inside the cage had obviously already been crotch-shaved. 9973 tried desperately to remember if he had said ves or no on his Basic File where it asked about shaving. Was he really ready? He looked again at the Men handling him and knew that he was; that he wanted what they were going to make him do and be. After the hood, the shackles were put on his legs; tit clamps and genital equipment were applied with convincing pressure.

Which one of these Men was his Drill Instructor? He suddenly realized that no words had been spoken since he had entered the cell block. He trick had to present the summer of the summe

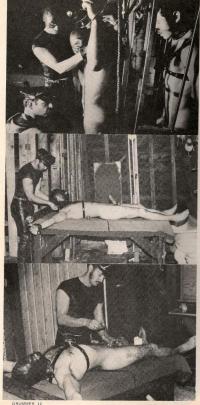
While 9973 was moved to the overhead rack and unhooded the other boy was taken from the cage into another cell block, 9973 didn't worry too much about where the other boy went, especially when his ass began to feel the paddle. It was the same Man that had first taken him into custody.

DRUMMER









Was this his Drill Instructor? Had his D.I. even been in the cell block yet? He knew that he would serve any of the Men he had seen up to now. His mind was working on ways he could show them that he wanted to be theirs. Was he supposed to find some way of showing which one of them he wanted to serve most? The fucking questions only heightened his willingness to be worthy. Shit, was his ass getting hot! The hooded one brought him amyl. He sniffed, glad of this sign of understanding from The Hood. To him a hood had always only been for submissives. But this hood was clearly cut differently and served to mask only the identity, not the power.

The big Man's arms continued to handle the paddle and him. Somehow the sting in his ass made his entire body sensitive to touch. His nipples, already erect from the clamps, needed only to be grazed by those hands to bring precum to his hard dick.

The rattle of chains signaled the return of the boy who had been caged before. The boy was strapped into the old barber's chair. The pot of hot oil was taken from the stove and the training actually began.

Carefully moving towards goals that only the Men knew, the boys were urged to figure out the correct answers to the hard-put questions over the next few hours. Their bodies felt what their minds couldn't figure out fast enough. The boys served well. They always do, sooner or er, at The Quarters.
9973 knew of the many possibilities

at The Quarters. He could either come back as often as he could qualify and know that he would get more of this same treatment. Or he could go further, stay longer or even possibly be assigned to a D.I. for Quarters Duty on a regular duty roster. Or he could begin to take responsibility for new boys, get to handle them and begin to be a top, if that was what he wanted and he could show that he was willing to be responsible.

Right now he just wanted to grovel. to serve, to be the property of his D.I. He had finally figured out which one that was. Right now there was no outside world and he could loose his deepest needs in the boots and crotches of the Men at The Quarters.

order men matching seculife measurements to fill physical demands; a tice little cellibock to jack off in. There were periods of time that we simply did not answer mail or phone calls because the mail or phone calls because the mail or phone calls because the most of the mail or phone calls because the most of the mo

Ah, but then there are the unforgettable sessions that last for hours and sometimes days, the trainings that result in serious slaves, the spontaneous sweat of being able to take someone really hot to a place where the experience can be total. the lasting relationships that make our lives work and feeling that we are contributing to the Leather Lifestyle while we are learning from each other and teaching and growing. There are nights we go out together, help produce parties, help get Leather business done and watch out for each other. Men who take and make their experiences serious sharing that with other, like men, That's what we are now and that's what keeps us in The Ouarters.

Some of the mail gets answered, at our convenience now. The phone number has been changed, Only the hardy and hearty get through. Sometimes the lucky, We know each other intensely, with caring and even loving and we measure new men by their abilities to fulfill themselves and The Quarters, Beginners are as welcome as the heavyduty. We get off on learning new things about ourselves.

and others.

The Quarters celliblocks, uniform collections, offices, bunkhouse, field equipment and personnel are used in many different ways in the community now. everybody for sure, A safe place for find out the answers to your Leather fantasies. A way of Life for some, An absolutely private and confidential place to let it happen. What happens inside The Quarters by anyoussed outside of The Quarters by anyoussed outside of The

Quarters by anyone.

For the proximation control states the second states of the second state

Got a fantasy, a need you want to exercise? Let us hear about it, in detail. Better put a picture in that envelope, boy. The Quarters, P.O. Box 3119, San Francisco, CA 94112.

D.I. 8732







DRUMMER covered The Quarters in Issue 24 when it was just beginning to be known, It has transformed the lives of some of the men who have been booked into the facilities. Since it is not a business, as these men came back or stayed with The Quarters there have been changes made in the operation. It remains a real place and experience South of Market in San Francisco.

Leather in the custody of Leather. Men straining chains to reach their limits. All the devient, fantasizing and gutsy men fall in on the right.

Most fantasies are exactly that because the men who dare to dream don't have the balls to live. Half-assed commitments don't pay off with satisfaction, yet assholes still wonder why they find life unfulfilled when they can't scrape up the guts to even try to find what their fantasies feel like on their bodies. Fantasies are rarely convenient in reality. That makes them more valuable.

In creating The Quarters, the goal was to be as real as fantasy could create, convenient or not, it is in the commitment to your fantasies that you find your joys, truths, your creativity, your tomorrows, your values in terms of self-worth and your ability to fulfill others and their fantasies,

The Quarters. No bullshit. We really mean it when we say it's not a public place in any way. Even when you know where it's at you can't get in without permission or orders to report. And when

you get orders you know better than to fuck up.

Leather linking men to men requires exact alloys. Specific needs for specific needs on specific needs on the specific needs of the specific needs by the specific needs of the specific needs and a willingness to need more broken. Connections made. Slaves trained, proceedings of the specific needs of the spec

ain't where it's at, if dreamers are afraid to live. Bulk mailings, jackoff phoners, arrangement-changers and losers are not Quarters Personnel. Hardheavyhot requisite sex. bound to

serve. Cages for uncaged desires. Leather for lathered obsessions. Bondage for the discipline of your soul. Discipline for the bondage of your body. The evocation of your painful pleasures. The pleasures of serious tribadism. Trust finding fulfillment. This is what The Quarters has become. Enough without too much.

In two years of trying to serve, contact and connect bonafidely sexual Men, the waste of money, time and tremendous effort seemed hardly worth it. People tried hard to make us what we are not: a last ditch for the lonely; a service to use at any hour a dick gets hard; mail-

Of course. I was a bit worried at the beginning of the summer. I'm a hedonist, to say the least. There are several very

Island. Reading is not one of them

But Booker turned out to be the ideal housemate - always considerate and unobtrusive funlike the animals I've wound up with past summers). For my part, I went out of my way to be sure I didn't offend what I assumed were his delicate sensihilities. I kent the heavy stuff out of the house. I didn't indulge, either, in any Monday (or Tuesday or Wednesday or Thursday) morning quarterbacking about my exploits in the meat rack. And life with Booker - so tranquil, so organized. so downright bookish - seemed to add a special spur to my sex life in the bushes and elsewhere that summer

Then Daniel entered the cozy little setup, Unobtainable Daniel Daniel Daniel Daniel was the weekday trick Booker met in the weight room at the Y one muggy day in June. Daniel was pumping iron and inflating hearts as well as his own very perfect, very beautiful lats and pecs.

Yes, Daniel would love to go out for a cup of coffee. Yes, Daniel adored Celine, too — in spite of Celine's politics. Yes, Daniel felt that Pound was a more difficult question. Yes, Daniel lived right up the street. No, Daniel was too tired today after his workout . . . And the next evening, after the ballet (getting the tickets had been one of those through-the-eye-ofthe needle ordeals) Daniel was a little headachy . . . And that next week, and the next, and the next - until I was ready to go back into the city and rape Daniel myself, just from hearing

out it.
At last, in the middle of July, Troy fell,
"How was it?" I asked, literally salivating from the news.
"Very nice." Booker said.

We were lying on the beach, Booker's well-oiled chest rose and fell to the rhythm of the surf. Just preceptably. My own heart was pounding, "Is that all?" I nearly shouted at him.

'Is that all you can say? 'Very nice'?"

"Well, what do you want me to say?" "You finally land this hot number all of New York has wet pants over and all you can say is 'very nice'?"

Booker's eyes flickered open, briefly, His face was still expressionless "Well, it was Very nice." I got up, pulled off my trunks, ran down the heach and took a running dive into the first big wave that came in.

"Has he showed up there?" It was Booker on the phone from the harbor. " I said, "Why don't you just come back to the house,

"No."

"I hope he's all right." "He'll probably call. He probably got held up. He doesn't

need you to meet him at the ferry. He knows the way." I hung up.

It was getting on my nerves, Booker and Daniel, Another weekend of bitching and kvetching I didn't need. This was true

Booker came home. It was his night, so he began cooking the dinner he'd bought for Daniel - flank steak, summer

squash, salad - for the two of us.

Daniel arrived, characteristically, during dinner. I was sulky silence over the dinner table.

As soon as he heard Daniel's footsteps on the stairs, Booker ran outside to meet him on the deck. They went into their little dance outside in the dark, I couldn't help but hear:

little dance outside in the dark. I couldn't help but near:

"I said I was leaving the c'ny at six, not taking the six o'
clock ferry," said Daniel. "Oh," said Booker, "I had the distinct impression you said the ferry. "Well, I divin't. "Well, I
walted." "It's just that I was disappointed. I was looking forward to seeing you on the dock." Well, I was disappointed,
too. I walted for two hours." "You drunk?" "No." said
Booker, mightly o'fended. "Do I look drunk?" "Will you help me with these?" "Poor baby. Are you all right?" "That nice man, that James, helped me. It was a good thing he spotted me." "I waited," Booker said. This was followed by

Daniel came in, leaning on a cane, Booker was behind him. with the bags - Daniel did not travel light, even for a weekend on the Island.

"What's that for?" I asked, pointing to the cane,

"I had a little accident," Daniel said, mysteriously,
"He pulled his back at the gym," Booker said, hustling the bags into his room

"Don't say that." Daniel said. "It sounds so crass." He sat Booker fretted and fussed over him, got him a cushion, cut up his meat, worried over him, apologized again for missing the ferry, hovered over him. The cane kent falling onto the

floor with a loud crack and Booker kept retrieving it and propping it up again.

"Where does it hurt?" I asked after dinner Daniel stood up (with no apparent difficulty), dropped his chinos, pulled up his T-shirt in the back, pointed to the location on his spine. He gave me a full rundown on the injury, his doctor's diagnosis, the drugs he was taking, the prognosis for recovery - all with his chinos hanging down around his knees.

Daniel was as big and as beautiful as all Booker's lovers had been - curly-headed, dark, mustachioed, with dark smooth Arabian-looking skin - but not as dumb as any of the others by half. He knew the effect he was having on me, And on Booker

"More coffee?" Booker asked.

I went off to see some friends, then out to dance at the Ice guy asked me to piss on him, so I did, and he thanked me.
"I've been looking for a number to do that for the past hour
and a half," he said. "You're welcome," I said. All in a night's

When I got back home it was getting light out, Booker was up, reading. His greeting was rather curt. I took it that the evening hadn't gone well. When I'd left, he was trying to make Daniel comfortable out on the deck in a lawn chair, with

The next day Daniel insisted on walking down to the beach, I looked up from my blanket just in time to see them creening



THE GUERMAMANTES WAY

BY GEORGE WHITMORE

The night Booker told me about his brother, he began by way of explaining why held dropped the wine glasses, He must not have heard me come in [I was barefoot) because when the screen door swung to with a clatter he dropped all six of them and broke every one on the kitchen floor.

As he swept up the broken glass, he explained how his brother used to surprise him all the time by sneaking up behind him and smacking him across the back of the head, for instance.

Then, picking up the little splitters of glass with a were paper towel, Booker told me how his brother used to put him paper towel. Booker told me how his brother used to put him and bomes on top of him; It go me with go the brother used to both bomes on top of him; It go me with the brother to be supported by the brother told both brother to be supported by the brother told by the b

Booker told me all this in a calm little voice while he wiped up the floor. His back was to me. The old gym shorts he always wore were rutched down in the back to reveal his jock

and the beginnings of his tight, round little ass.

"What did your folks do?" I asked.

"They sent him away to school when he stuck a jacknife in my foot playing mumblypeg."

As Booker went about cooking dinner and I cut up the vegetables for salad, he told me all about his revenge fantasy. It was very elaborate, He wanted to kill his brother

Specifically, he wanted to tent shift production of the batton Rouge, park a few houses away for dish brother's, creep up to the living room window — his brother and sister-laaw would be slitting inside, watching TV — and shoot his brother in the back of the head with a thirty-ot-six deer rifle. The sister-laaw would be grateful. Booker would get back

into his rented car and drive non-stop to New York. There he would drop the rifle into the Hudson at the 79th Street boat basin. He would go home and take a shower, then to bed, to

enjoy the first uninterrupted (by nightmares, that is) sleep of

That's a brief resume of it. I'm leaving out all the bright little touches of humor. His very detailed scenario had quite a chilling effect on me, as I sat at the kitchen table slicing tomatoes, watching them bleed under the knife. "Some fantasy," I said.

"Some lantasy," I said,
"Yeah," Booker said, sliding his Tuna Surprise onto the
rack in the oven.

"Do you do that a lot?" I asked.

"What?"
"Fantasize"

"Oh, no. Never. Just about that." He turned around and leaned against the sink. His baby blue eyes were shining with pleasure. Then he sat down at the table, He must have realized I was looking at his crotch. Even with the jock, anyone could

This was the first inkling I ever had that Booker might not be quite what he appeared to be — an overgrown Boy Scout. As a matter of fact, he'd once confessed to my friend Carl that he (Booker) had been an Eagle scout, not exactly a badge of honor in our set. In

That summer Booker and I were housemates in the Grove. I never would have thought of him as a housemate, our personal styles were so different. But Carl had said "never another Fire Island summer, never again, absolutely not," and it was Booker (cash in hand) or some creep I didn't know at Island.

Booker was aptly named. (No, he wasn't black, though he did come from the South.) He was bookish. The summer we were housemates, he was reading through Proust for the third time, In French.

He would have been tempting, had it not been for that overall souths air about him and the fact that we'd already had sex once in the past—it wasn't bad, but it certainly had sex once in the past—it wasn't bad, but it certainly wasn't memorable. I'm not heavy into leather, but it do like wasn't memorable. I'm like the costumes. Booker didn't even warm up. Too and I'like the costumes. Booker didn't even warm up. Too and I'like the costumes. Booker didn't even warm up. Too and the three didn't warm to be a southly cut though I never would have used that we'd not face.) about free-eight, blond-to-auburn haired, and seldom out of that old pair of gray shorts (that I ever saw).





down the steps and onto the sand. Daniel's big arm was around Booker's shoulders and Booker was staggering under the weight. I could see Daniel's mouth moving in a mask of (feigned, I was beginning to suspect) pain. He gestured here and there with the cane, picking out a spot for them to put their beach sheet down. They didn't see me, which was just fine with me. I napped a bit and when I got up to go back to the house I saw them walking down the beach towards the Pines, Booker still bent under Daniel's arm,

I ate out that night. When I came back to nap and change for dancing, Booker was reading aloud to Daniel out of The Guermantes Way. Daniel was sitting on the couch, with his legs propped up on a cushion on the coffee table, sipping at a big cool glass of Perrier with a lime wedge in it. All was peaceful. Proust, read in Booker's prep school French, wafted into the bedroom and put me to sleep, as Proust always will, no matter which

language. I ran into Mickey Ryan at the Ice Palace and we ended up together for what was left of the night. It was your standardized ritual scene. Mickey has this harness you put him in, and after you shave off his week's growth of body hair he likes you to be his Seventh Grade Phys. Ed. teacher and fuck him.

Booker was out on the back deck when I came home,

'Onk', 'I said. I was blissed out on quaaludes and I'm very docile after a scene like the one with Mickey anyway. I sat down on the railing. "Why not?" It occurred to me to ask.
"You're not going to like it." Booker was shivering in the

early morning air. He was wearing nothing but the gym shorts. "Why am I not going to like it?" I was a little less blissed out now.

Then I noticed the bruises.

'How'd you get those? There were big red welts on his shoulders. I leaned over and looked at his back. There were a couple of big marks over his kidneys, too.

Booker shrugged.

I went inside. He was right, I didn't like it. A couple of straight-backed chairs lay smashed in the center of the floor. The table with my stereo and tape deck had been overturned. There was broken glass everywhere. A round, surprisingly symetrical hole had been bashed out of the window next to the front door. The cane was hooked into the hole, evidently had made it in the glass, and hung down outside over the front deck, like a cock at half mast.

'I'll take this out of that fucker's ass," I shouted, "I'll pay for it," Booker said. He was standing just inside

the kitchen door. 'Look out," I said. "You'll get your feet all cut up," But

he'd done that already and his feet were bleeding, "Go outside and sit down," I said, I got a cooking pot and filled it with warm water, my boots

crunching in the broken glass, and took the pot and a dish towel out onto the deck. I squatted down at the bottom of the steps and washed Booker's feet. First I pulled out a couple of "I'll kill that fucker," I said. And meant it. "Where is he?"

"I don't know, I ran the wet dish towel over the soles of Booker's feet. He

was feeling no pain "I couldn't stand it anymore," Booker said tonelessly.

"I can understand that," I said, looking up at him. He raised an eyebrow. 'He's a spoiled, petulant asshole," I said.

"You don't understand," Booker said, "I started it," "If you mean you should have known from the begin-

ning . . ."
"No. I mean I started it. I hit him with the cane." I sat back on my heels Booker explained. It had started over the pronunciation of Guermantes. Daniel said it was one way, Booker said it was another. Daniel insisted it wasn't, Booker said he (Booker) should know. It escalated, of course, with each one dropping it (mock consessions) and the other picking it up again. "He was ruining Proust for me," Booker said simply. Daniel then asked for more Perrier. Booker got up to get it. Daniel shifted on the couch. The cane fell to the floor. Booker went to pick up the cane. "Oh, leave it there, for God's sake," Daniel said. Booker picked it up. And then, for some reason (without thinking at all what that might have been) Booker swung it and cracked Daniel right across the face, Just like that. opened up a nice, tidy little cut on Daniel's cheek bone. The cut began to bleed. Booker looked at the cut, Astonishment was written across Daniel's face. Then, Booker realized he (Booker) was smiling. Daniel realized it, too. Daniel put his hand up to the cut, looked at the blood on his fingers, then back at Booker, who was standing there, still smiling. Booker handed the cane to Daniel. The rest, as Booker said, belatedly

He was smiling now, too.
"Booker," I said, "You are one fucked up dude." "I guess I am." His smile broadened, but a tear popped out

trying to make a stab at humor, was history.

of the corner of his eye. I got up and planted one foot on the middle step, leaned down and put my arms under him, picked him up and carried him into the house. He was lighter than I'd remembered.

I put him in the shower, took off my own clothes, and got in with him. I washed his bruises and washed the night's dancing and sex off myself. Then I got out, dried off, dried him put alcohol on his wounds - he didn't even wince picked him up again and carried him into my bedroom,

I put him on the bed and got in next to him. I pulled the sheet up over us. I put my arm around him. He snuggled up against me. I could feel him against my thigh. He'd been getting turned on in the shower. He'd been hard by the time I

"Tomorrow, Booker," I said, "or rather today - we're going to go down to the hotel and buy you a little black leather vest, and I think chaps, too. And some little studded leather wrist cuffs. And a cycle cap, for sure. I have everything else here. For starters, you're going to tie me up" - my cock was rising - "and put tit clamps on me. And a blindfold, of course. Just your standardized ritual scene. And then you're going to be my Seventh Grade Phys. Ed. teacher and fuck me. How does that sound?"

He was sleeping.



him. He was letting me know that (humliation) was something he wanted. (To Jeff) You want pain, don't you, slave?

Jeff: Yes, Sir.
Don: At this point, the communication...it's a way for me to check that everything is okay, and that he really is signing what's happening. It's also a way of moving into the next thing ... in this case, putting him in bondage on the rack. To leff! Put your feet on the floor.

To jeff) Put your feet on the floor. It's definitely a mixture of what you ould normally consider your typical seasure, with bits of pain graduly being introduced. This particular position with the tension on the arm, tends to create numbness and cut off circulation; all it's good to keep checking to make

sure his hands are not turning cold. Jeff: May I go to the bathroom, Sir? Don: This is basically a time when we ant to take a break. But, you'll notice, that there's an attempt to relax without cally coming out of the roles. The roles and communication remain intact even prough we're really not playing the roles.

very heavily.

To the extent possible we're taking what has been a fantasy for the two of us for a long time, and making it a reality. Or even creating a reality that we can alter use to incorporate into our fantasies after the session. (To Jeff) I want you to

count,

Jeff: One, Sir. Thank you, Sir.
Don: Asking the slave to count is a
way I have of communicating and testing
low much pain he likes and is a turn-on.
can tell from the tone of his voice
whether he's really excited or really
reaching the point where it's going to
become too much. (To Jeff) I am going

to give you at least eight strokes. Jeff: Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir. Don: The whole thing is a way of coming down and being affectionate, trying

ing down and being affectionate, trying to express — in this way, not so painfully — the intensity of feelings that the two of us have accumulated during the

The imagery of S&M has been used exploitively in other cases – to sensationalize and frighten a uniformed public, redilten used that ploy in his controlled of the controlled

grand scale,
But S&M: One Foot Out of the
Coset did not falter in it's basic intenon to be honest and compassionate, It
comes to the control of the control
possible on a local level; on public telesion — where ratings and sponsor considerations don't exist. Unlike the CBS
porgram, where integrity was never a
consideration, Closef approached its submendous sense of integrity.

This superb program will be re-aired in May of this year; if at all possible, try to see it — you'll find, perhaps for the first time, that you have not been betrayed by the non-gay establishment media.

- John W. Rowberry

San Francisco Opronicir * Wed., Feb. 13, 1980

Rave Response to S & M Program on Channel 9

A documentary Monday night on sado-masochism in the Bay Area brought KQED TV close to 1000 telephone calls, one of its buggest

ochism in the Bay Area brought KQED-TV close to 1000 telephone calls, one of its baggest responses, news director Roxanne Russell said yesterday.

"We normally get maybe a hundred calls

when we have feedback after a program, and we got eight to ten times that amount" on the documentary, Russell said. She said she was surprised that about 70

She said she was surprised that about 70 percent of those calling in approved of the show, and of Channel 9 producing it.

"Most of them wanted repeats," she said.
One 12 year-old called in to find out what role
youngsters his age have in S&M.
As for the other 30 percent, "most of them

As for the other 30 percent, 'most of them seemed troubled more by the subject matter itself rather than whether it belonged on television,' she said. 'People didn'! want to believe that S & M is really here.'

A few were repelled by the hour-long production and half-hour live studio discussion that followed, and threatened to cancel their support, she said

Russell said the production took more than six months to research, some information surprised the researchers as well as most viewers. Most S&M in the Bay Area is practiced by beterosexuals, not homosexuals, as was thought to be the case when the research started, she

"We found out it was easiest to permeate the gay \$8.0 M movement — you know you see them on the street in their leabter and chains and keys." Bussell said. But after repeated attempts, we finally gained the trust of the betteroexists \$8.4 % community as well and the processing \$8.4 % community as well and these Extent than axis.

Another surprise was that #0 percent of the straight men practicing S&M in the flax Area are submissive rather than dominant. and that rancounter to the theory that heterosexual men get into S&M so they can dominate.

"We found that S & M doesn't have much to do with sexual gender but with the exertion of power — either people want to exert power over someone else or want someone to (xert nower over them "she said

power over them, she said.

Because the production was scheduled during the week when station ratings are given by the Noelses Sturry, the variet supported station rating, which means some 106,400 bleers were rating, which means some 106,400 bleers were watching. Tand that's a good rating for us "the said. Usually, the programming of the station, which has 150,000 subscribers, has an average which was the said of the station of the station.





The 1980 Gay Freedom Day Parade & Celebration

San Francisco

Friday 27 June

Start your Gay Freedom Day weekend with A Gay Musical Celebration at Grace Cathedral featuring the San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Marching Band & Twirling Corps, S.F. Gay Men's Chorus, S.F. Lesbian & Gay Men's Community Chorus, Lambda Pro Musica Symphony Orchestra, and the Great Organ of Grace Cathedral-8pm.

Saturday 28 June

Watch for details of special events to be announced.

Sunday 29 June

The Gay Freedom Day Parade starts at Market & Spear-11am The Celebration will be held at Civic Center Plaza-Noon Following the Celebration-4pm Conceptual Entertainment's 2nd Annual Gay Day Tea Dance at the Galleria Design Center.

For more information call 415/ 641-0100

S&M is going public, and in the most influential way — on television. Phil Bronstein and Lou DeCosta pro-

duced a one-hour documentary, S&M, One Foot Out of the Closet, which was



first aired on the West Coast in early February of this year. The program was broadcast by KQED, the Bay Area public television station. Although it received only routine pre-air publicity, it was seen by an estimated 106,400 viewers - a high percentage of single program viewers for non-commercial television. The station received a flood of phone calls, overwhelmingly favoritive, during and after the airing (See: Rave Response to S&M

Program on Channel 9). The program, for the first time in history, dealt objectively with sado-masochism. Both heterosexuals and gays were shown without bias or sensationalism. In fact, the program brought to light that there were more heterosexuals into S&M in the Bay Area than gays - a statistic the gay community found hard

For the next month or so, conversations in the S&M community centered on the fact that only in the gay segments of the program was any compassion and senstivity shown in the slave-master rela-tionship. A great deal of the heterosexual S&M seemed to be geared toward profit; with extensive coverage of professional women into dometrix roles, and estab-lishments that charged a fee from their clients (mostly male) to receive punishment, bondage, humiliation and pain from stables of leather-clad women.

The program noted that heterosexual S&M is, for the most part, invisible, Among gays, however, it was easier to find visible proof of S&M involvement referring to men who wear leather, keys, hankerchiefs, handcuffs, and the like, in public: and the large number of gay bars that cater almost exclusively to both leathermen and the S&M practitioner Bronstein and DeCosta researched their subject for six months, which is an amazingly short time considering the amount of mythology they were able to

eradicate from the program, It is easy to draw distinctions between

the heterosexual and the homosexual portions of the program. There was an obvious air of sexuality to the gay scenes that was consistantly a missing factor in the non-gay sections. The same is true of

Don: How are you doing now, slave?

Jeff. Fine Sir. Thank you Sir for letting me lick your boots, Sir.

Don: You like that, don't you, slave? Jeff: Yes Sir. very much.

Don: Spread your legs, slave. You like to take your master's pain, don't you, slave? Jeff: Yes Sir, very much,

Don: It hurts being a slave. doesn't it? Jeff: Yes Sir.

emotional response. While we hear heterosexual men and women talking about 'feeling love' for their slaves, it remains auditory. The tenderness that balances S&M in gay relationships was both audible and visual.

The major gay segments of the pro-gram centered around a leatherman named Don - and in a few scenes - his slave, Jeff. The cameraman (Bob Friske) unreticently recorded without pandering The privacy of a sexual experience between these two men maintained an intimacy despite the reality of the situation. This is very much in contrast to the heterosexual portions, where the viewer was constantly aware that certain acts, gestures, and postures were being staged for the camera.

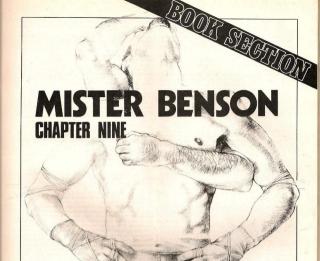
In the following excerpt from the program's transcript, Bronstein, who nar-rated and appeared in the documentary, introduces a sado-masochistic scene between Don and Jeff -

Bronstein: A scene can be a scenario as full of fantasy and role-playing as a film or play. This is part of a scene be-tween Don and his submissive, Jeff, with

Don explaining what's happening. Don: In this phase, he's basically presenting himself to me, offering himself as a slave; and I am, at least symbolically here, inspecting him and deciding whether or not I consider him worthwhile as a piece of property. This is very important to the scene, placing the slave collar around his neck which snaps into place with a lock, I've heard many slaves say that this - when they hear that click is the moment at which they really become a slave. (To Jeff) As long as you wear this collar, you belong to me. Say

Jeff: Sir, could I please finish licking the straps on your boots, Sir? I need it,

Don: The communication there . was practically asking me to humiliate



JACK PRESC

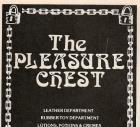
When I woke the next morning, the pounding inside me surpassed even vesterda hangover, I instinctively rubbed my skull and found an egg-sized lump sticking up through my short hair. I winced at the sharp pain my touch produced, but quickly forgot it when I rolled over on my backside and pressed the floor against the mass of welts that criss-crossed my body with tender soreness.

Rocco slept beside me, I tried to rememi what had happened. How did we end up here naked? I flashed on Hans' cruel smile beaming down at me, the shiny boots that had reminde me again of Mr. Benson. An electric wave of fe shot through me as I realized that danger w here. I stood up and quickly looked around. W were trapped. In a cage. I went over to the ster bars that formed one wall and saw that ours we

barred rooms on a corridor that ovie set for a cellblock. I went occo out of his sleep. He woke is head in a pantomime of my "Tocco, Rocco, wake up. th a deep moan, "What the

fack...?"
"They've gottue@coco, they captured us!"
"Thu?" He loi@cd around. I could almost see
the previous night sk-tivities go through his mind.
"Bin:" His voice had a sudden ring of under-standing to it. "Des Sheves? Hars?
"It must be "Saco, look." I excitedly dragged
in up to his Gestud pulled him over to the open
wall that face! the corridor. Through the other
cell doors we shed we more nated male bodies.

all asleep, it seemed "It's just dawn," I said point-ing to the very Set; light coming from the few small windows. "They're still sleeping."



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only a few though, most of us got picked up at hars" We never could see the neighbor, except slight glimpses of him because of the concrete wall. The man across the way, though, was easy to spot. He looked young, I'd say about my 25 then. And goodlooking. More goodlooking than hot. His chest was covered with that wiry, curly body hair that blonds have. It was thickly matted over his upper torso. They had picked a winner with him, that's for sure. The best part of him was his ass. It was like Rocco's, the kind of ass that has muscles as well developed as a weightlifter's arms, I momentarily wandered into thinking about him and that backside as he stood and walked away from the cell door, I couldn't help

but wonder what it would taste like to put my face right up there into the crack between those solid, hard mounds. Rocco pulled me back to reality, "Jamie, what the hell are we going to do?" What indeed? "There's nothing we can do, Rocco, nothing

at all. We're trapped here like the rest of them, all we can do

We have to get in touch with Brendan, Jamie, He'll get us out."

And how are we going to do that, send smoke signals?" The idea caught in our minds and we quickly communicated the thought, we looked around the room and groaned The only furniture was a foam mat we had slept on. There was a toilet bowl, naked just like in a real jail cell. And that was all.

The floors were covered with linoleum, There was nothing to burn even if we could light it. We moaned with one voice.

"What, Jamie? What are we going to do?" Our answer was a loud slamming of the door. All the bodies in the row of cubicles rose to go to investigate the strange sound. Hans and the sadistic jailer both walked in, dragging a body between them. Another captive. Another blond. He was carried/pulled in front of our cell. "Back, assholes," the jailer growled ferociously. We jumped against the far wall as Hans and the other man opened the barred gate and threw the new man into our room.

"A very special specimen," Hans sneered once the weight was relieved. And there, right in front of us, sprawled the

model, Mr. Benson's new slave!

My first thought was, 'Poor Mr. Benson has lost both of 'My second was, 'What's that asshole doing here!' Rocco had run up to the prone body and had cradled it in his arms. He gently slapped the face, trying to bring to consciousness the image that had driven millions of Americans to lung cancer. "Jamie, get some water from the toilet bowl." I didn't move. "Jamie!" Rocco ordered more forcibly when stood fast.

"Rocco, I don't want to help him." I pointed an accusing finger at the motionless body.

Jamie, this is no time for your antics. Now get some water." Rocco wasn't buying my act, I guess, and after a minute, I did go over and cupped some cold water in my joined hands, carrying it back over to the two of them, I let it run out of my palms, over his face. I enjoyed the sudden solash it made, and the way he had to almost throw up to keep from

gagging. "Jamie," Rocco said accusingly.
"Well, you said," I responded.

By then the model was sitting up. The gleaming torso outlined by the moisture of sweat and water. The perfect muscles were stark in their relief. The light played with his body as complementarily as the cameras that had made it famous, I hated him

He had stolen Mr. Benson from me. His head protested the pain with an undistinguishable sound. He rubbed his own lump, just as Rocco and I had ours

earlier, "Where am 1?" "You're sure as hell not on Fifth Avenue," I spit out. He turned quickly to face me, and blushed, as well he might, when he saw me looking at him. "You."
"You," I answered.

He moaned again and shakily stood up and looked at me, "How did you get here? You were supposed to be sent away." "Don't I know it!" I screamed my response,

He looked at me not understanding the anger in my tone. "Didn't Mr. Benson send you away?"

"You know he did," my voice almost broke as I screamed at him. "You know he did. He sent me away to take up with you. He kicked me out. He turned me over for," my look was

savage, "you!"

age, "You: "That's not true," he defended himself. "Man, I saw you," Rocco softly interjected. "But," the man tried to explain, "that was a set-up, a trick being played on these guys Rocco looked as puzzled as I felt. "What do you mean by

that," I finally asked.
"It was a ploy," he whispered, "to get me captured by the ring. I'm supposed to be investigating the disappearances. You two were supposed to be safely put away. What are you doing here?"

Why you?" I challenged. 'I'm a cop. An undercover agent, It was set up for me to be captured because Mr. Benson and Brendan didn't want you

A tear came to my eye. "You mean, you're not Mr. Benson's new slave?

"I'm a top," he said indignantly

That I didn't believe. "You sucked my cock." I exclaimed.
"That," he blushed, "That was a test. To see if I could pull
off acting like a bottom, Just a test." His voice dropped off and he looked away

"Pretty convincing if you ask me," I pressed. "You sure knew how to follow orders.

His face went even more scarlet, "Yeah, Well," He stam mered. "Look, that's not the point," He regained his selfcontrol, "The point is you two are supposed to be safe, Mr. Benson and Brendan wanted you carefully put away just so this wouldn't happen. What the hell am I supposed to do now?"

"What were you going to do in the first place?

His look made it obvious he was debating answering Rocco's question. He made his mind up, "I'm wired for radio. There's a transmitter in my body. When I activate it, they'll be able to trace me down. They know I'm somewhere in the

"Where is it?" I was curious.

He blushed again, "Just you never mind." Suddenly our conversation was shut off by the loud sound



"But, what does it mean, Jamie? What are we here for?" Almost in answer to his question, a heavy door opened and Hans, in full Topmen uniform, the Nazi patch on his sleeve catching the dim dawn with ominous clarity, walked in. A baton in his hand slapped against the steel bars of each cage as he made his way up the line until he was standing directly in front of ours.

"And well, my lovelies, how did you sleep?" He had a monacle in his eye, a caricature of his self-created image "What are you doing to us?" Rocco cried out, "Why are

we here?" "You are here to fulfill your fondest and finest fantasies

you upstart twerp!" The baton hit the bars and made Rocco jump back a step. "You are here to be sold into slavery."

Hans turned to face his companion, a mean looking guy who could have fit central casting's definition of a hood. "This one will have to be dealt with very strictly. He had ideas that he is not really one of them. He occasionally thinks he is just playing sex games with the dingo lover of his.

"But, the other," he gestured to me, "is the real thing. A born slave who will draw the highest price, I have no doubt, They stared into our small arena, "The marks are unfor-nate," Hans continued, pointing to the painful stripes on tunate

my body, "He obviously found trouble when that pretentious master of his kicked him out." I snarled at the mention of Mr. Benson coming from this asshole's lips, "He cannot be physically punished, we must try to . . ." he sneered "clear up his complexion in time for the sale.

The two of them walked away then, leaving us to listen to the sounds of the waking noises of the other inmates. "Rocco, we're in for it.

The others came too, They were obviously more used to the regimen of the place, and they were waiting for the food that was brought in my Hans' companion and a crony who was pushing a cart of something that produced great clouds of

steam "On your knees by the bars, assholes." The ugly voice boomed out. "Open your yaps for food," We watched silently, unbelievingly, as the pair made their

way up the line of doors. At each a man, naked as we were each more beautiful than the next, would kneel at the gate and open his mouth. The terrible-looking keeper would produce his enormous dick, slopily circumcised by an inept surgeon and force the captive to suck on its huge width. Only when each had done that, did he get a plate of the steaming gruel that was carried on the cart.

They were all fair complected. Most were blond, Their bodies were universally beautiful. The bodies of Christopher Street clones that worked out in the gymnasiums. They almost all had moustaches and well developed chests. Each of them, I counted twenty four, including ourselves, looked like an ad-vertisement for the All American Boy. Only Rocco's tattoos and my shaved crotch and chest made this seem anything less than the perfect group of American college students. Midwestern American college students at that,

What was this all about?

Finally, they arrived in front of our cage. "On your knees, The order was gruff and almost matter of fact. We didn't 'You don't understand English? I said on your knees. The keeper's voice was raised, his heavy cock was waving in the air in front of us. "You don't get on your knees, you're getting the beating of your life."

"Hans told you not to harm me, I heard him." I was sud-

denly grateful for the scars on my backside, The giant in front of me leered. "But, he didn't say any-thing about your friend there, did he?" He produced a riding crop and it whooshed through the air, banging hard on the metal pole of the bar. "You don't suck my cock, big boy, and your friend here is going to taste leather like he never knew it tasted." The idea appealed to him obviously too much.

I thought quickly. I could - possibly - take more misuse but not Rocco. He wasn't experienced in the ways of these animals the way that Mr. Benson and my recent adventures had made me, I sank to my knees in front of his foul smelling prick, ignoring Rocco's pleas, "Don't, Jamie,"

But I took it in, almost heaving at the stench rising from the unwashed crotch, "You assholes all gotta learn to suck any time you're told." Growled the keeper.

Mercifully, he pulled away his cock and shoved a plastic dish under the cell door, "And you . . ." He looked at Rocco, offering his cock to my friend. "Suck it." Rocco looked, he hesitated. "Rocco, you need the food. Don't do anything foolish now.

Rocco, his tattooed ass undulating with those hard muscled flanks of his, dropped down and swallowed the unsightly

dick k.
The keeper was pleased with himself, "You suck cock to eat here. You don't, you don't eat, and you," he ran the tip of the crop over Rocco's quivering back, "get leather if either you or him give me any trouble." The voice went harsh again after the misleading calm of the orders: "I want no trouble from the two of you. There's been no hassle so far and I don't plan on letting there be any from now until the end of the week when I can get rid of you guys,

My mind snapped to attention. The end of the week! Then we'd be free! We watched them walk back down the row of defeated men who silently ate the thick gruel with their hands. Rocco made a face at the mess in the plate in front of him and started to throw it. "No, Rocco, something tells me

we might need the energy later. Eat it

We forced the slop down our throats. When we were done went over to the wall and made a sound, asking for a response from the next inmate. Each cell was open only on the side facing the hall, the other three walls seemed to be made

from concrete. "Hsss." I tried to get an answer, "Hsss. "Don't, they can hear you outside." A voice finally whispered.

'I'll be quiet. How long have you been here?" "A month. A month of hell, man. I'm scared shitless in this place. I've been fucked every which way but up every day since I been here."

"Fucked?" "Yeah, they say they're stretching us. You'll see, later, they bring around these dildo like things and shove them up your ass. They say our new masters expect it to be easy to fuck us.

Man, I'm stretched further than the Grand Canyon now, Do you know anything about what's going on?"

"Not really, just that a lot of men have been missing, and

that they're all attractive."
"Well, they tell us we're here to get new 'masters' " The voice was insolent and I nearly said something, but decided this wasn't the time. "Shit, man, I've never had no 'master' at all. A month ago I just went out and thought I'd be a good lay, va'know, So I went to a leather bar, ya'know? And the next thing I know this hot dude's hitting up on me and I think I'm going to go to nigger heaven. I go out to his van with him. And then . . . I wake up in this place sucking smelly cock and eating dirty assholes. Getting dildoes the size of your arm shoved up me and being told I'm going to be fuckin' sold. They were white slavers, I suddenly realized that that must be the trip! That's why only blonds, only fair-haired guys

sold into white slavery! "You gotta admit, though, he was beautiful."
"Fuckin' A-Right!"

only the ones who were so good looking. We were going to be A voice had come softly from across the way and made a statement that must have been obvious to our neighbor. "Have you ever seen such a dick of life - or death - before? Biggest, prettiest cock I ever hoped to suck on."
"How did they get you here?" I broke in before their

rhapsody went too far.

"This guy, he takes you into his van and he gets you all hot and undressed. Then he lets you swing on this cock of his, it's huge, just huge and pretty and you don't know what you can do with it. Well anyway," the voice from across the hall tried to recapture himself. "He talks you into letting him fuck you, right there in the back of the van. He tells you he wants you to sit on it . .

"This happened to almost all of us," my neighbor ex-"Yeah, well," the guy across from us went on, "You get

up and squat down on that big fat cock of his and you start pumping away, and just when you know he's doing to come, just at the moment when you're ready to give it your all and you're there pumping away at yourself, someone, from somewhere comes out of the blue and knocks you cold "We figured there was someone hiding up front of the

"The neighbor's voice adds. van." The neighbor's voice agus.
"That's how most of us come here. Some, though, this German guy picked them up in the piers or the bushes. That's

DRUMMER 24

bed. I was just glad to have welcome arms around me, comforting me after all I had been through. Rocco was more de-

manding as he slid up and down the long prick.

Our kisses were deep and warm after what I had been through. Their welcome comfort enveloped me, as his arms easily carressed my sore back. "Give me your cock, Jamie," he moaned, Rocco's mouth doing as much to affect him as my emotions. I smiled in acknowledgement and rose up my body to deliver my shorn dick into his hairy opening. I laid on my side, letting him have his way with my suddenly hard cock, watching his pelvis with those fabulous thigh muscles pushing it, pump into Rocco's waiting and eager face. They fucked like that for the shortest time that could be possibly said to be sufficient for anything but a trick. Then, their bodies both contracted, their stomaches tensed and Rocco's face bobbed more quickly in time with his own fist flying on his own cock. . . they spasmed together, each of their loads shooting off with necessary release

I assured them that I was fine, My half hard cock didn't need any more than their friendship now, It felt so good to curl up between the two of them with our three sets of arms around one another. We were each so different, different looking, different acting, but we were each bound together in

some special kind of knowledge. We were together in our lives We stayed there, cuddling, for a while, listening to the other voices in the long, narrow cell room. Finally I said. "When

can you activate your message?" The model, I had finally learned his name was Rick, said, "We have to wait until we know what the whole thing's about. You see, these guys haven't just recently been disappearing They go in waves. There's some reason, some destination, and I have to find out what and where,

"You mean, we may have to stay here and put up with that smelly cock for a week?" Rocco was horrified

"I'm afraid so. As much as I like you guys," he squeezed our shoulders into his own, "and as much as Mr. Benson and Brendan are going to be worried, I just can't let the whole thing go down the tubes. We have to know more about the

operation Rocco and I moaned. The noisy door opened again at the end of the hall and the dark-haired model came up the pas-

sageway, Hans trailing behind him. "Abdul, of course you can test him. But he's such a fine specimen, you mustn't hurt him,'

"I don't think I'll have to," the scented voice replied, his eyes having caught Rocco and I huddled up in Rick's arms. Your man has already found a way.

What?" asked Hans,

They were standing in front of us now. "There are two things, Klaus. First, he is supposed to be a bottom now, or so you say. And second, he obviously has made friends with his other Topmen slave friends, Very well," he turned sharply to Rick, "On your feet, slave. We are going to give you the thrill of your life. You are going to get to satisfy my prick." The dark haired man folded his arms over his chest and waited as Rick slowly got to his feet and went to the bars.
"Fuck you," he spit.

"Listen to me, you pale imitation of masculinity," the dark man sputtered back, "your tattooed friend is going to receive whatever punishment you or your scarred friend deserve while you're here. You had better remember that before you speak

to your master that way.

Rick looked at the weakening face of Rocco who had doubled over into the corner. He needed no explanation of Rocco's weakness. He looked at me, we shared the knowledge that it was time for a real bottom to take action. The blond man sunk to his feet, "Yes, master," he barely whispered. The moustached face smiled in victory. "Bring the three of

them upstairs to my quarters, in full chains, I'll take care to make sure that this is really a bottom and not some trick being

played on us." You want all three?" asked Hans.

"Of course, you frigid Germans wouldn't understand that a real man needs more than a single bottom to play with, and in this case, I need one to control with." Hans went stiff with anger, "Don't try to start anything, Herr Klaus. This is my show too. I want the three of them brought to me, now,

In another half hour, we were led out of the cell block, the jealous eyes of the other inmates followed us as we walked the hall and went through the door. When we left the original room we found ourselves in another nondescript area, again walled with concrete. Each of our necks was joined to the other by a heavy metal chain linking a collar around our neck, Our hands were manacled behind our backs and another link of the chain went down to our ankles. The lengths of metal were so short that our steps were limited to a shuffle.

We went down a set of stairs, then up another and soon found ourselves walking into a room that was furnished luxuriously, so much a contrast to the barren spaces we had walked through. There was a non-Western air to the space, there were no pieces of regular furniture, but rather large, opulent pillows strewn across the floor. The walls were hung with rich oriental carpets. There were round brass tables placed here and there. The scene was like one thing out of A Thousand Nights, and it dawned on me, Abdul was Arab! I looked at Rick's puzzled face and saw a kind of recognition come over him,

And, at the same time we each stiffened. It became obvious to each of us - this was not a white slavery ring. This was the real thing. This was slavery

Abdul sat in the midst of a large mound of pillows and sucked on a water pipe, three young, pretty - and, of course, - blond young men moved around him silently and kept their

eyes averted from ours.

He had changed into a native costume, the many folds of cloth seeming strange after he had just appeared in Levis only moments ago. "You see me in my natural habitat." He smiled. His hands clapped almost soundlessly and there were sudden motions as two enormous Nubians, their ebony skin oiled to a bright glistening shine, stepped out from the shadows, Rocco's knees quivered.

"Get out," he bit off words to the jailers who had brought us here. "That one," Abdul pointed to Rocco, "put him on

There was no reason or way to even try to resist as the two giants took Rocco out of the metal restraints and led him to the corner where there was a large leather covered device. They took his yielding limbs - poor Rocco, he could never have resisted those two - and stretched him against the cor-



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of the cell block door. Hans walked through, followed by the sadist and his helper, and behind them, the man who simply must have been the one the others were talking about. The model standing beside me went stiff with recognition, "lesus

Christ" escaped softly from his lips

If the model was the perfect, living example of America's dream of a fair haired, blond specimen, the man who strutted down the walk with Hans was its equivilent dream of dark beauty. He was wearing only a pair of levis. The eyes that lined the walk were glued to him, and I suddenly realized that even if he was what had lured them to this horrible fate, still, everyone of them thought he was still the most perfect man they had seen.

And they weren't that far from wrong. He had a flawless body, just like the model's, and it was covered by a sculptured coating of black body hair. The trail of the dark fur led down into the levis that bulged promisingly in the crotch. His white teeth were awesomely bright in contrast to the face, whose rough texture promised the presence of a thick manly beard. The foursome stopped in front of our cell, "Well,"

"I told you so.

"Yes, it certainly is him, isn't it?" The new man smiled through a bushy moustache. And then I knew, I had seen him, Him. Of all people! The second most famous cigarette model in the country. The one sending as many people off to the shores of Turkey as my unwelcome companion sent off to the ranges of the West.

Rocco and I exchanged blank expressions. It was incredible, But it was true, here in front of us stood the two most well known male models in America. The blond cowboy and the dark exotic. They stood facing one another. The blond glared, the other smiled softly.

This has turned out to be a very advantageous contract, Herr Klaus," the dark man said to Hans with a vaguely foreign accent. "Very advantageous indeed."

"Yes, Abdul, now you'll be able to control the whole thing yourself, won't you? You can get both contracts."
"Both." He said the words slowly. "But, how did you

"It was quite interesting actually." Hans started to explain. "After I rounded up these two," he pointed at us, "I became intrigued. Why were they on the loose? Mr. Benson, my colleague," I grated at the way he said that, "is not one to let his slave the one with the marks - go around free in the city. In fact, I'm sure he's been kept at home for weeks at a time. His presence at the wharf made me think that perhaps there would be something interesting to see at the clubhouse "I went down there to check it out. You can imagine my surprise when I found this handsome specimen bound and gagged at Mr. Benson's feet," Hans' crop came out and flicked the blond model's tit. "I had to wait to see what developed. And that was his expulsion." Hans laughed. "Mr. Benson undid the gag and loosened the restraints at one time and this one attempted to tell the famous Mr. Benson off.
"We were all quite incredulous, Even the stupid members

of the club don't say to Mr. Benson what this fool said, And, of course, he was immediately thrown out. I could hardly let such a specimen go, now could I?"

They all smiled at one another. "So I followed him and lured him into my car, where Lugar," he nodded to the sadistic keeper, was conveniently hidden in the back seat. The rest

'You say that this one was Mr. Benson's slave?" Hans nodded in answer to the other model's question. "That's strange," he said, thoughtfully, "I always heard he was a top, himself. Now you say he was a slave."
"These Americans," Hans said, disgustedly, "They're al-

ways into their macho trip, thinking that they have to cover the true desires of their wretched souls." Hans walked away, the rest followed quickly, but the

model lingered, ever so slightly, staring into the cell at the three of us. His departure was a signal to let us all breathe a little more easily.

What if they test you?" Rocco asked.

"Yeah, what if they try to see if you can get it up?"
"That's why Mr. Benson put me through those motions,"

the blond said. But his tone was unconvincing.

"What do you mean? "Well," the model tried to regain his composure, "Mr. Benson thought that if I could fool Jamie, and make him be-

lieve I got off on being a bottom . . . well, I could fool any-one." He tried to make his explanation complete.
"And you did fool even me," I added.

"And you did tool even me, I added." (Right." The blond's answer was too quick and satisfied. He started to walk away, as though his motion would change the subject. I looked at Rocco, a smile started to unfold on his face, making me break into loud, uncontrollable guffaws. that hurt my bruised back with their quick, jerky motion. It suddenly became clear to us. The epitome of American manhood swiveled around and looked at us with this blank expres sion on his face that was soon covered by a growing tide of red color that spread across his face and down his naked chest. "Okay, fellas, okay." He knew that we knew! The flush deep-

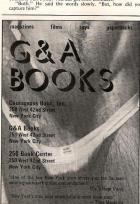
ened and then, slowly a smile appeared on his own expression nad he started a slight, ever so slight giggle "No one, but no one, could fool Jamie about being a bot-

tom." Rocco spit the words out between the louder laughs. "I know," the voice seemed so small for such a big man. "I know, Jesus, though, I never knew it could be like that. Kneeling and having someone standing over you," His voice was more solemn, "It was a revelation." He regained himself still once more. "Well, guys, let's just say that we won't have to worry about any tests. Everytime I think of Mr. Benson and the rest of the men in the club, little ole Nellie here," he lifted his flaccid tool, "just rises to attention.

We looked down to see that fabled cock slowly rise up, filling with the memories of Mr. Benson we both shared.

That might have been the only white man's cock that Rocco couldn't resist. Few could. It was molded to perfection, Its veins stood out from the shaft as the prick grew in dimension, the deep red head engorged into a perfect plum shape. Rocco's eyes started to glaze over at the sight. I remembered Mr. Benson's even more perfect penis and was content to just feel a closeness to this man who understood Mr. Benson's power. He and I embraced tightly, I'm sure he knew why. And as our arms went softly around one another, I felt the hair on the top of Rocco's head push between my legs and heard him slurping up that rigid pole

The three of us fell back on the foam pad that passed for a



DRUMMER 26

ners where they fastened his wrists and ankles again.
"Let me be very clear," Abdul started talking again, "Your friend is in no great pain, I assure you. His position involves no stress, and his seating is better and more comfortable than your cell, however, all I need do is raise my hand," he flicked his wrist up to show us, "and he will be beaten." A loud, bestial cry came from Rocco's corner as one of the Nubians stood holding a menacing, many pronged whip that had ob-viously just visited Rocco's backside.

"You, you will obey my every order, or he will be beaten." the wrist flicked again and Rocco's screams filled the room again to underline the point, I knew Rocco couldn't take much of this. I had to act, I strode across to where Abdul sat, dragging Rick in the clanking chains and knelt before him, the joining chain forcing a not very willing Rick down on his own

"We understand, sir." My head was bowed as I spoke. I heard a muffled assent from Rick right after I had finished. He, also, must have realized Rocco's plight. I was thankful for Mr. Benson's having trained him enough to know that he should take a position of subservience right now. Not try

anything foolish "I am very pleased," the foreign accent clipped off the words. "I want nothing more than decent, hard working slaves for my pleasure, . . . and for the market place. There is no for in y pleasure, . . . and for the market place. There is no feason to destroy that one in the corner, even if he is unfortunately marked. But you two," a long tongued fly swatter came out and brushed my head, "you two are such fine examples of Americana, that you must be held in reserve for the

finest of customers "You may look up at me." I couldn't really see Rick's motions, but took the absence of punishment as a sign he was

motions, but took the absence of punishment as a sign he was going through with it.

"Most of my friends, as I, appreciate the gentle beauty of fair haired younger boys." Smiling, he grabbed one of the young men who had been in the room before we arrived. The kid only had a loincloth to cover his nakedness. He was the kind of blond whose hair is unnaturally light, and whose skin bronzes with tan. His blue eves shone out from the light brown skin. "But all of us appreciate, as well, the symbol of training as well learned as yours is supposed to be," the fly swatter again brushed against my head, "And none would deny the satisfaction a man feels when he knows that he holds one of the very symbols of American manhood in his " the swatter disapperaed from my view, I'm sure it must have been showing Rick his special place in the universe.

Abdul turned from us and called the three young things over to him. "These new slaves have been kept in the dungeon with the animals. You must make them presentable for household work. I want each of them cleaned up and the one with scars taken care of. The one in the corner . . . ignore,

'Follow these three, they will take care of you," Abdul said, and then suddenly warned. "Do not try anything foolish or your friend will pay." And again the wrist flicked and

Rocco's scream filled the air Rick and I were unshackled and led behind the screen to another room, bathroom, with a huge circular tub in the center. The three men refused to talk to us, to even look in our eyes. "Rick, what does this mean? Why did he pull us out of the dungeon?"

Just like Mr. Benson thought they would, they're testing me, seeing if I really can act like a bottom, Jamie."
"There's no test, Rick. I mean, don't they know that you're doing all this for Rocco?"

"No, Jamie, they're not just seeing if you and I will follow orders. They're checking out our attitude. I'm sure glad you're along, kid."

The three led us mutely to the pool and into the warm. luxurious water. We didn't speak until they were again away from hearing range.

"Sure I'm glad, Jamie. I never would have been able to get even this far, I would have stayed there and just waited for orders, that's not what they want, they want a slave's attitude, like when you went and knelt, and made me follow. That was perfect, Jamie, and it probably saved our skins.

I was very thankful for all Mr. Benson's training at that moment. I sunk into the bubbling water and tried to think, how can we ever get out of this?

To Be Continued



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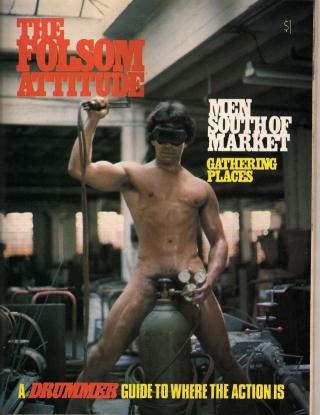
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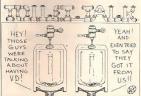


"I seem irresitably drawn to you."



"Hey, did you guys see that ad on the bulletin board for 'Plumber's Helper with fringe benefits'?"





THE FOLSOM SOUTH OF MARKET ATTITUDE

All photos in this section by JIM MOSS

POLECOT as much a state of mind as it is a place, Also known as South of Market, it is a sprawling industrial area south of San Francisco's main street, one of the few flat places in a city of steep hills, that leathermen each evening turn into the world's capital of gay S&M. More wild, freaky and far out things happen here than anywhere else on the elobe.

In appearance it is very much like New York City's Sorlos section with its factories and warehouses. But at night the trucks and forklifts are replaced by motorcycles and jeeps, the blue collar workers go home and are replaced by thousands of hot and hory men in leather out for a night on the prowl. Its transformation is complete and dramatic. It is truely a neighborhood with a spilt personality, one by day and a very

different one by night.

restaurants.

The vast majority of leathermen who nightly visit Folsom in search of "consensual grossness," as Time Magazine calls it, live elsewhere in the city or are visitors from out of town. A few residential buildings exist on backwater alleys, and they are mostly occupied by the leathermen who work in the gay bars and clubs. South of Market bars are not your local-corner variety, but draw their clientel of hot studs from all over the world. Although no business has a "dress code" that requires you wear leather, if you want to enjoy yourself, you should heed the old saying, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do." Virtually everyone owns a pair of levis and a T-shirt - wear them - do not come down to South of Market in a suit with a tie or a fuzzy sweater and sneakers. There is a first time for everyone - and if you have never been to a leater bar before, make it a fun experience for you and your hosts by dressing and acting appropriately. Also, leave your fag hag girl friend behind. Many of the cars do not have a ladies room at all; and most of the private clubs bar admission to women altogether, Only the restaurants, shops and a few of the dance places encourage patronage by women. For the most part, Folsom is a men-only environment that gets too raunchy for female company

A quick glance at the map in this section confirms with this area commands such an exhaustive treatment as we are close, it alone boosts more gay bars, resturants, clubs, baths, hotels and shops that the cities of Chicago and Philadelphia combined. And the variety is indeed spicey. You can get anystack for it. It is about early not some control of the sake for it. It is about early not some some some some sake for it. It is about early not some some some been roundly by the city thater for all-chilpit boosinesses such as some roundly the facility that for all earling to beginness such as Arc, our cover man for this issue, symbolizes South of Market's two

Arc, our cover man for this issue, symbolizes South of Market's two personalities. By day, Arc works in a warehouse on the cover. By night he dons his finest leather, above, and can be found at one of Folsom's bars or clubs.

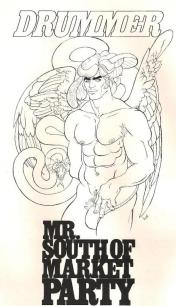
Photographed at the Watering Hole, clothing by A Taste of Leather.

If you are a first-lime visitor to Folsom, he number of choices is so staggering it can be overwhelming. Ago odd way to begin is by picking out one of the bars listed in this section, begin is by picking out one of the bars listed in this section. Sear to of carly so it would be so begin to list of the control of the bartender South of Market are informal tour guides. Tell him what you are looking for an helf lightly direct you to the right spot. Such referals are the rule South of Market as each begin to the south of Market as each built of the south of Market as each of the south of the south

Almost all the places are within a short walk or at most a 25 cab ride of each other. The steeres are remarkably safe at night even for a lone traveler, as there is a constant stream of the first present of a lone traveler, as there is a constant stream of the first. Street seeks it forward upon, and there is virtually no street hustling South of Market. All the men are there because they want to be three—and they want you then, too, So get your as South of Market, and when that huiking, macho man the bear and prinches you fit is address him as, "Sift."



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Monday is yellow hanky night, and is just as popular as Tuesday but with a different crowd. Thursday is red hanky night and draws its own group of faithful. Prizes are given out on Tuesdays and

The Trench is a full liquor service bar that opens daily at noon, making it one of the few places you can get a cocktail during the daytime. Its location also makes it the first bar you hit as you walk south from Market toward Folsom

The decor is military, war surplus materials and World War Two posters covering every square inch. It is friendly and popular among the regulars South of Market.

SPUIS Our newest neighbor on Valenta has recently had its grand opening, broadening the list of hot systs to thit in the South of Market scene. Spurs is well appointed, with a clean southwestern hacienda atmosphere. You'll find great music, pool tables & pinball as well sa large sercen TV featuring major events, flickey a physical you want to must on your trail. 298 Valencia at 14th Street.



THE ARENA

THE ARENA
Second to no bar South of
Market, The Arena is one of the
most popular bars in the area. The
hot throbbing music, and equally
hot throbbing bartenders, have
made this one of the most exciting
scenes around for the leatherman
who wants to get in on the action,
with full figuor service, The Arena
has a large front bar and a rear
game room with pooltable.

game room with poolable.
The crowd is strictly as or the wast of nerve. This is not to say that the place is unfriendly at all. If you want to find out what it's all about, why South of Market place is unfriendly at all. If you want to find out what it's all about, why South of Market place is sufficiently at all. If you want to find out what it's all about, why South of Market place is sufficiently as the sum of t

"on top" of things, so to speak.
One of the most attractive bars
South of Market, The Arena is a
favorite drinking spot for the staff
of neighboring bars. It is an excellent place to meet the men who
work and play in the area and is
another "must see" for the leatherman visitor to San Francisco, One
of the bartenders is a former Mr.
America and has become a tourist
attraction all by himself





THE AMBUSH is unique in the world, A one-of-a-kind beer and wine bar with the most mellow atmosphere imaginable, Universally loved by all South of Market leathermen, it does a brisk business from the time it opens its doors each morning at 11:30 until it closes at 2 AM - a claim that can be made by no other bar feven those with full liquor service). A favorite hang-out of the local, gay artistic community, The Ambush has mounted more art shows for gay artists than any other business (bar or otherwise) in the world. The art shows change each month and usually feature the work of a single individual. Many of the leathermen who illustrate the pages of Drummer can be found there

The musical programming deserves special note – the "Bush" as it is known by its regulars has always been a trendsetting bar when it comes to music. Also, for those who find cigarette smoke a nuisance, special negative ion generators hanging from the ceiling keep the air relatively smoke-free.

THE HEADQUARTERS It goes heavy 24 hours a day (no beer and wine from 2 AM to 6 AM, however). As the area's only 'round the clock leather bar, it really

the clock leather bar, it really starts to rock after the other bars close and is one of the wildest ascortments of people in the world at 6 AM – loud music, tambourines bashing away, the regulars at the Headquarters do not believe that the party ever has to end. Hidden away on a little alley.

Hidden away on a little alley, the Headquarters has in the short time that it has been open already become an extremely popular bar South of Market. The bar has a restaurant, more about that later.

GATHERING PLACES



THE RRIG is as beauty as you can get. Saturday night is a sea of black leather, the scent of cowhide hang ing in the air. On two levels with full liquor service, The Brig is a favorite of German tourists as well as San Francisco's most dedicated leathermen. Always popular even before it was christened The Brig, this location has a long history and is a major part of the Folsom legend, (It was formerly The Bolt and The No Name,) Its current status in the pecking order of leather bars must place it close to the top for such places worldwide. Internationally famous, it is a 'must see" for anyone visiting

Its location places it as near to the center of the action as you can get — The Brig is at ground zero. Also, Mr. S Products, about which small second shop (their "suburban store") inside the Brig for the convince of its customers. The Brig invites the patronage of serious invites the patronage of serious direct visitors to places of interest in the neighborhood. However, once you've gotten as far as The Brig, you may not want to venture



eather bars on Folsom Street, the Ramrod is a full liquor service bar with lots of extras to entice you in. The Ramrod is probably most famous, however, for its movies, If you are willing to deal with stand-

fing room only in a room full of hot men, you can at no charge ses some of Hollywood's finest. Show-times are: Monday and Wednesday at 9 PM; Saturday at 3 PM; and Sunday at 3 and 9 PM. At all other times, closed circuit gay video tapes will amuse and arouse you.

For the convenience of you bik-

For the convenience of you bikers, the Ramrod also has a second closed circuit video system so you can keep your eye on your machine by remote hook-up. A camera outside is focused on the bike parking area and fed to TV monitors around the har.

Definitely a hold-over from previous decades, however, is the boot-black stand where you can get a spit shine. The boot-black, incidentally, works for tips.



THE WATERING HOLE starts carlier than any bar South of Market, Opening daily at 6 AM, with full fliquer, it quickly flight pand stays full for the duration, A large, horseshoe shaped bar, makes for easy cruising and in one corner a big screen video projector animates the room with some of the hottest gay video you've ever seen — who needs to spend \$5 at the movies when there is The Watering movies when there is The Watering

On Sunday evenings at 7 PM. The Watering Hole has a special chicken dinner for the bargain and the same of the favorities of the organized bike cluts whose hanners and emblems decorate the walls. For emblems decorate the walls, For time shopping South of Market, The Watering Itole is located right between Mr. S. and A Taste of for an afternoon pick-me-up, or for that matter to get picked up by one of the hot men who regularly drink

The bar has a rear game room with pooltable, a fire place and a rustic Western decor.

THE ASYLUM One of the newest bars South of Market, the Asylum has beer and wine in a relaxed atmosphere. In size, it is one of the largest bars South of Market.

Tucked away on a little alley and in the shadow of the freeway, the Asylum takes some hunting to find but is worth the excursion. A second story restaurant features home cooking with a soul food flavor. It is perfect for lunch or dinner before hitting the bars and clubs. Brunch is served on week-





Roll. As you walk down the street, you'll hear the wildest need music drifting out of Industrial sparses where all the city's bands reference, Again, not of Industrial sparses where all the city's bands reference, Again, not made the proposition makes during practice and let every decide hang out without dealering title religibors. Purk Rockers, dressed in full Isasher with many of them are gay and into the Solf Seene. As a helpful first, punkers with purple hair are quick to react to insuits plant, punkers with purple hair are quick to react to insuits proposed to the purple of the

TROCADERO TRANSFER San Francisco's ITSX members third disco to go after hours, the Troc continues to rock Dick Collies's incredible club has created a vertiable legend with its parties, award winning floats in the Gay Day parade and a high level of participation with the gay community. There is always something new and exciting comine out of

the Trocadero Transfer. July 10 lot let excluding coming does not not central and from the stage would performe swho has necessarily continued to the stage to th

As a membership club, you can gain admission if you are a tourist by showing an out-of-town ID.

But the main thing at a disco is the music, and the Trocadero Transfer is proud that its DJ Bobby Viteritti won the highly coveted DJ of the Nation from Billboard Magazine, the country's leading music publication. Trocadero Transfer will soon be offering a full-liquor

service bar.

Top: The White Party at Trocadero Transfer is an annual event that has turned into something of a social occasion. Right: the dance floor of Trocadero Transfer which vibrates with the base beat of the music.



GATHERING PLACES MUSIC







THE ENDUP Very popular with a clean-cut and younger crowd, the Endup is one of the four places you can dance South of Market. A large complex of rooms, it has a fabulous patio with a fire pit that is a great place to escape the music and cool off on warm summer evenings. On alternate Sundays the End.

On alternate Sundays, the Endup sponsors jock strap dance contests with cash prizes that brings out some of the hottest young men you have ever seen. When they get up on the stage and do their thing, the audience just goes wild. The natives can get restless South of

Another special plus for the Endip is that it opens at 6 M on Saturday and Sunday mornings. When the after hours dance clubs in the neighborhood close, the hearty who don't want the party to end come to dance at the Endup It is something to experience—wild disco dancing with hundreds of people on the floor, as the sun rises over the city.

Before Larry Lauds, the new www DJ.

from the Stud, was the first person to incorporate Rock and Roll and advanced new wave rock into a successful disco format. For this, he has become the most publicized DJ in the West.



DREAMLAND The largest disco in San Francisco is South of Market. Dreamland is a favorite among the macho males who like to dance the macho males who like to dance dance floor on a Saturday Night han you'll find at a Mr. Universe contest. And they love to show waist. Dreamland is a membership club (\$55 a year). Non-members are admitted, but you do have to pay at the door and it is on a space. Dreamland features one of the

Dreamland features one of the finest sound systems anywhere, Built by Graebar Sound of NYC (which also did Trocadero Transfer's system) it is a true pleasure to listen to — no distortion even at very high volume.

Parties are a real treat here, and in the short time they have been open, they have demonstrated a talent for their special events. One of the things that makes Dreamland particularly exciting is that it is open after hours. Dance 'til dawn!

One of the performers you are likely to see at Dreamland is Sylvester, who makes his home in San Francisco. Sylvester got his start on Folsom at the Stud and often performs at special parties at Dreamland and Trocadero Transfer. There is nothing second rate about entertainment South of Market.



THE REAL

Some of the encounter establishments South of Market offer mind-boggling fantasy rooms complete with stockades, slings, mirrors, operating room tables, assorted gadgets and devices designed to fulfill the most esoteric of tastes. If you have a fantasy, no matter how wild or unusual, one of the clubs has a special spot for you. No place caters to a wide variety of trips, each having specialized; so it is best to call ahead. If you arrive early, most of the clubs will give you a quick tour so you can pick out your room, stall or bathtub

Membership is required by law for such establishments as they are not open to the general public; however, the fee is often nominal, With some clubs, "visitor memberships" of short duration are available at a significant discount. All remain open after 2 AM, bar closing time in San Francisco; and many will allow you to bring in alcohol. So when you hear last call, get a six pack of Bud to go and head for one of the encounter places. Who said the party has to stop



SUTRO BATHHOUSE Easily one of the most unusual places in the world, the Sutro Bathhouse is a co-ed establishment - that's right, naked women in the showers with men! A private membership club, the Sutro is popular with South of of gays who have a sense of adventure and a vision of what

Each night of the week has a different program, as follows: Tuesday, wolles and night; Wednesday, Couples only, women members free; Thursday, co-ed, women members free; Friday, Hot and Nasty Night; Saturday, couples only, women mem-

About a third of the clientel of the Sutro is female, the other two thirds being straight, bi and gay men of about 'straight' man, this place is paradise. Also, group scenes of The facility is fabulous. A huge skylight slides back during

the day for nude sunbathing, and closes at night to create a covered dance floor. Big screen TV and a coffee shop as well as professional masseurs and other special trips make this freedom and innovation. Not for everyone, but definitely something special for the right person.





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DRUMMER

GATHERING PLACES



GLORY HOLES BALLROOM: The city's newest private club serving the South of Market man, Special effort has been made to attract the leatherman into S&M: the owners have created jail cells, slings and other unusual spots. On a ground floor plus the biggest basement in town, there is one unforget table spot that is directly under the sidewalk. Here, you can do it while you hear people walking down Sixth Street and see their vague images through opaque glass set into the sidewalk, Talk about a wild trip







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The Hottest Western and Leather South of Market

OPEN 6 A.M. DAILY

DRUMMER 41



fun-seeking sensualist in you has Encounter Clubs, Glory-Hole Clubs

none of these. We have taken the concept of a place where OUR you can't resist.

Memberships in many places can cost you anywhere from a few to you get is the privilege of paying sociate with their own kind and are usually charged considerable for that right. Ours is a different concept. We are expanding the Leather Fraternity, including all

FOR THE MACHO MALE

adding a great new Club to use, Our first will be in San Francisco, where

zine around. If you already subscribe, we'll add a year to your worth right there. Pick up your club or we'll mail it to you. CLASSIFIED ADS, Twelve in MAIL BOX AND FORWARD TILEATHER FRATERNITY

MEMBERSHIP with full privileges,

THE DRUMMER KEY CLUB will be open this summer in the

CLUB and all its benefits and make this coming year one to remember. Now more than ever you should have a Leather Fraternity memberyour ass in gear.

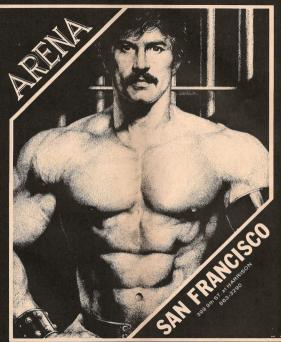


CHARTER LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERSHIPS SUBSCRIPTION, ADS. BOX/MAIL SERVICE & KEY!

DAMMANT THE LEATHER FRATERNITY

FIFTEEN HARRIET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94103

I'm ready! I want a Charter Membership in the Leather Fraternity, including a complimentary subscription to Drummer 12 free ads all the LE benefits and admission to the Drummer Club in San Francisco, I have enclosed my one-year fee of \$50. I am over 21 years of age.



Uhrari





FOOD&FUN

Eating out South of Market can be an unforgetable experince; often, you, yourself, end up being the desert. The choices of where to est presents the hungy latherman with a maintain second floor coffeehops. Free luffers and special parties with food are not uncommon. Among the regular eatper that the processing from the least expensive in the updates of the processing the processing the processing the widely varied as the prices—from classical railroad dirers to crystal elegance.

All the places serving food South of Market offer at least beer and wine, and many have full-lique bars. Some are open in the daytime only, others at night, and some never close at all. The establishments listed here are gay and welcome leathermen. The food establishments are often integrated, serving men and women. Only a few have exclusively male clientel.

THE AMBUSH UPSTAIRS A true serendipity occurs when you discover the upstairs coffee shop at the Ambush. Inexpensive sandwiches, soups and salads as well as pastries from Just Deserts served in a masculine atmosphere. Located directly above one of the most popular bars in the city, the coffee shop is a quite classic where you can have a cup of coffee and conversation. A perfect place to get to know more about the man you just met downstains.

The Ambush often throws special parties that the coffee shop caters. These are always as delightful to the eye as they are to the palate.

Above and Left: Valentine's Day was the occasion for these phtos taken at the Ambush. A hot man wrapped in Saran Wrap was the centerpiece of the buffet served up to hundreds of hungry men.

FOOD&FUN



LITTLE MICHELLE'S South
of Market's newest and largest
resistance of the market of the market of the magazine comes out. This
will be a fabulous addition to the
many places to eat that the leatherman can choose from in Folsom.
We were especially impressed by
the hug ekylight that runs the full
outdoor patio feeling.
The restaurant will feature Viet-

outdoor patio feeling.

The restaurant will feature Vietnamese and French cooking in the
most authentic style. There will be
espresso and other Italian coffees
for those who want to spend a
lazy afternoon with a friend sipping
cafe and wine. First-time visitors
are due for a delightful surprise.
Primo!



BROWN'S PUB. Another new restaurant that is on the verge of opening, its doors to the public just as we go to press. We toured its interior and were highly impressed, Decorated with Victorian funk, it is a fabulously decadent atmosphere that is sure to be popular with the European tourists that occupy the hotel upstairs.

occupy the note upstars,
Among the unique features of
this restaurant are two smalled
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THE HEADQUARTERS This place is as much a restaurant as it is a bar. Featuring as fine a pizza as you will find in San Francisco as you will find in San Francisco as you will find in San Francisco as paragins; going. The Headquarters is perfect for that quick, invocances we much or snack, Also, food is a unique meeting place South of Marfett, All baking is done on the permiss, including the bread; rolls, and wine is served until 2 AM daily, then soft drinks and offer until 6 AM. Sunday brunch with into Marfett.







A LIBERATING EXPERIENCE
THE BRIG 1347 FOLSOM ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94103



CANARY ISLAND South of Market's gay diner. This place is a classic a traditional railroad dining acr converted into a coffee shop, Open from early morning 'til late in the evening, Canara Island and Island in the control of the locals. With only 17 seats inside, Canary Island has a large patio that is very crusic during the day time.

This is where the staff of many of the local bars and clubs eat; so if you want to rub elbows with the boys from The Ambush and The Arena, which are right next door, head for

Very popular for Sunday Brunch, Canary Island also had daily dinner specials including soup, sald and main course for under \$5. This place does not think of it as tourist oriented—it is the authentic South of Market hangout for the local residents, Beer and Wine are served. A perfect place to east for those who are on a limited budget.

Service is prompt and friendly. And for those who just want a cup of coffee, there is always a stack of magazines and daily newspapers to read and pass the hours.



Waiting for Folsom's two new restaurant and bars to open, Brown's Pub and Little Michelle's, cover man from issue No. 35 patiently sips a cool one.

ALVIN'S If any of our South of Mariet has reprife to the road diversity of men who frequent the area, Almis does, Located in an area where the rich Financial District eibs into Folom, you'll find both sharp young executive types and help the south of the property southern and the rich Alvin's fast recently collected and place to have a drink in the afternoon, or anytime. Alvin's is a favorite luncheon spot, too. They feature sandwiches, a hot despectal, and belt hot child is known throughout the area. Alvin's his order to the south of the south

OR WEAR AND



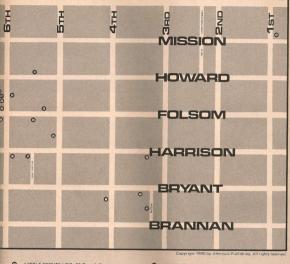


FOOD&FUN



THE ASYLUM This har has a second floor restaurant that it calls a "devinely decadent steak house," southern style cooking is guaranteed to please the fan of soul floor. The Asylum serves lunch the style of the sty

THE FICKLE FOX For the manufacture of the manufactu



LITTLE MICHELLE'S: 64 Rausch Street

HOTELS

ANXIOUS ARMS: 964 Howard Street
 BROWN'S: 1190 Folsom Street
 BUNK HOUSE: 38 Washburn Street
 ELDORADO HOTEL: 150 Ninth Street

HOT HOUSE: 376 Fifth Street

BOOT CAMP*: 1010 Bryant Street
CLUB BATHES AND FTRANCISCO: 330 Ritch Street
OORH HOLES. Follow near 9th Street
OORH HOLES. Follow near 9th Street
GLORY HOLES RALL ROOM: 224 Sixth Street
HANDBALL EXPRESS: 978 HAYRION Street

SLOT: 979 Folsom Street

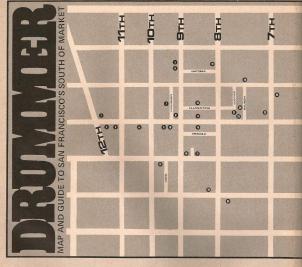
SOUTH OF MARKET CLUB: 225 Sixth Street SUTRO BATHHOUSE: 1015 Folsom Street

2H(0)E2

AMBUSH SHOP: 1531 Harrison Street
BECKNELL & HAMPION: 1415 Fortion Street
CAKE GALLERY: 290 Ninth Street
FOLSOM STREET MAI: 1256 Folion Street
LABYRIS AUTO REPAIR: 240 Seith Street
MR. SPRODUCTS: 227 Seventh Street
TASTE OF LEATHER? 950 Folion Street
TAYLOR OF SAN FRANCISCOY: 785 Clementina Street
WORN OUTW WEST: 1150 Howard Street

*DRUMMER sold at these locations

Outside of Map Area



BARS

ALVIN'S: 83 First Street
AMBUSH: 1351 Harrison Street
ARENA'399 Nimb Street
ARENA'399 Nimb Street
ARENA'399 Nimb Street
BRIG'* 1347 Folosom Street
BRIG'* 1347 Folosom Street
COCKNING'S Sink Street man Folosom
DRAMLAND. 715 Harrison Street
COCKNING'S Sink Street man Folosom
DRAMLAND. 716 Harrison Street
FERE'S: Hermit Street and Folosom
FICKLE FOX: 842 Valencias Street
SZC LULES ZZ Playant Street
GOLDEN RIVET: 159 Nimb Street
HAMBUSICER MANY'S: 1832 Folosom Street
HAMBUSICER MANY'S: 1832 Folosom Street
HAMBUSICER MANY'S: 1832 Folosom Street

HEADQUARTERS*: 683 Clementina Street

LITTLE MICHELLE'S: 64 Rausch Street

B RAMROD*: 1225 Folsom Street

SPURS: 298 Valencia Street

STUD: 1535 Folsom Street

TRENCH*: 164 Eighth Street

TROCADERO TRANSFER: 520 Fourth Street
WATERING HOLE: Sixth Street and Folsom

FOOD

O ALVIN'S: 83 First Street

AMBUSH UPSTAIRS: 1351 Harrison

ASYLUM UPSTAIRS: Eighth Street and Bryant
 BROWN'S PUB: 1190 Folsom Street

CANARY ISLAND: 1270 Harrison Street
 FICKLE FOX: 842 Valencia Street

O 527 CLUB: 527 Bryant Street

HAMBURGER MARY'S: 1582 Folsom Street

CONSENTING ADULTS.









WOMEN and COUPLES = 1/2 PRICE MEMBERSHIP (with this ad)

Sweat It Out...

Club San Francisco 330 Ritch St.-(415) 392-3582







HAMBURGER MARY'S An institution, Mary's is the most successful restaurant and bar business South of Market. Its fame is worldwide, so it is not uncommon to see limos parked outside and society women in minks eating next to leathermen. The original "funk city" in decor, it has been highly imitated but never equaled. Mary's is really something to see. Billing itself as an "organic crill!" the sandwiches and sladso.

and homemade soups are on a colossal scale. Go hungry.

The bar is in the second dining room and specializes in tropical drinks such as pina colladas and fresh banana daquiris made in a blender. Expect to have to wait a few minutes at the bar for a table at almost anytime of the day or night as

the cost for at all ones at almost anything or the day or hight as the restaurant does not accept reservations. Hamburger Mary's has been serving the gay community for 8 years, longer than any other gay restaurant South of Market, Its tremendous success is its best recommendation. A definite "must see" for any visitor to Folsom.

"must see" for any visitor to Folsom.

Food orders are accepted from 10 AM 'til closing at 2 AM



BROWN'S pub & hostelry

OPEN 7:00 A.M. to MIDNIGHT DAILY FEATURING: BROWN'S B&D SPECIAL ROAST BEAST SPECIAL AND OTHER HOUSE FETISHES

Lunch at Brown's No. 2 Manage of the Manage of the State of the State

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LEATHER TECHNOLOGY:

THE CHAPS: Engineered for the look

and fit you demand The cycle weight cowhide worked by precision conscious crafts-\$160.00

THE VESTS: A classic western cut. We supply the style and fit; you supply the body. \$55.00

THE NEW CATALOG:

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PRODUCTS 227 Seventh Street

San Francisco, CA 94103 (415) 863-7764

10:30 - 6:00 Mon - Fri 11:00 - 5:00 Saturdays

SOUTH OF R&R







Definitely not your typical bath house, The Handhall Express is dedicated to ough and ready action in the style of the old Barracks. This private club comfortably holds about 250 men in its four stories. Besides private rooms, it has several public areas, including a bunkroom. Attitude is what makes this place the favorite playgound of hot San Francisco locals and international visitors. This is strictly get-down structure and in the production the Handhall has among visitors strucks agout the reportation the Handhall has among visitors.

Special facilities include several sling rooms, a watersports complex with an old victorian bathub (separated from the public areas only by jail bars), a complete tack room for cowboys hosting saddles and bridles, and snister B&D rooms. The building also has a walled deck on the roof for fucking under the stars.

Under the stan









CLUB BATHS San Francisco: Located South of Market, this is the city's most lavish bathhouse. Part of the Club Baths Chain, it is the flagship of the corporation. It has everything you could possibly want: steam, sauna, snack bar, gym, jacuzzi, TV troom etc.

Decorated in a modern motif, it is clean, safe and fairly priced. Membership is required; however, your card is accepted at Club Baths across the nation and in Canada. A good investment.

For visitors to San Francisco, the Club Baths is the slickest and most popular such place available and we highly recommend it. You will not be hasseled, As a helpful hint, we are talking about the Club Baths San Francisco, located on Ritch Street — do not be confused by an establishment operating elsewhere in the city under a similar name.



THE

A SOUTH OF MARKET TRADITION SINCE 1973



JOCKSTRAP DANCE CONTEST ALTERNATE SUNDAYS

OPEN AT 6:00 AM EVERY SATURDAY AND SUNDAY

Endup Hours: Mon-Frt: 2:00 p.m - 2:00 a.m. Sat-Sun: 6:00 a.m. - 2:00 a.m.

6TH & HARRISON, SF

DRUMMER 5



R&R

The boys at the Boot Camp, one of South of Market's most active clubs, know how to have a good time. This photo was taken in the little rear building which features a bathtub for showers and refreshing recycled for the hirsty. Other thirst skel place in rooms designed to fal-fill your fantaxy. Variety is very spicery South of Market. High recommended are the societ parties. Wear a yellow hanky.







Lunch served Tuesday — Friday, 11 AM to 2 PM Dinner served nightly, 5:30 to 10 PM Closed Mondays. BRUNCH Sundays, 11 AM to 3:30 PM

Steak and Eggs: \$4.95, Steak Dinner: \$4.95 Leather Levis (Tux & sequins optional) 12 Decatur Street S.F. 415/621-0772



THE BOOT CAMP. For many years this was one of South of Market's most popular leather bars. It has since converted to a private membership club that is one of the delights of the Folsom area after hours. Two floors of fun plus a rear building make this one of the most unusual recreational establishments in the world.

An annual membership is five dollars and gets you in the first time; thereafter, it's two dollars each visit. You have in and-out privileges at all times in case you want to bar hop during the evening.

DRUMMER 54

SHOPS



MR. S. PRODUCTS: Specializing in high-quality leather goods in the "British-American tradition," Mr. S offers the leatherman some of the best custom-made leather chaps, pants and accessories to be found anywhere. All of the work is done right there; the craftsmarship is excellent and the fitting is

Mr. S also carries magazine, toys, slings and other merchandigs that the leatherman wants and needs, Also, Mr. S maintains a small, second store inside the Brig bar which is open in the evening. There you can buy toys, magazines and other items, Mr. S has a large catalog for those who want to shop via the mail. Orders are promptly filled.



THE AMBUSH LEATHER SHOP: On the second floor of this very popular thap, the Ambush thop sells custom leasther clothing made in the third floor work proms. The shop also the properties of the properties of the shop and the properties of the shop and the properties of the more fun places to do your shopping week. This so one of the more fun places to do your shopping of the properties of t



Send \$3 plus postage and handling to either address Catalogue includes B&D equipment 1732 Polk St., San Francisco, California 94109 (415) 885-5773 3989 17th St., San Francisco, California 94114 (415) 626-8041





Shopping South of Market has become a much more interesting experience in just the last year. Along with the wellestablished leather shops, including the largest in the world, there are now a number of clothing stores and other establishments that cater to the leather crowd. Hey offer a wide selection of merchandise, both new and used. May, the proselection of merchandise, both new and used. May, the proselection of merchandise, both merchandise with the Bargains are to be found as well as unique tiems of special interest to leathers.

Custom made leather clothes and accessories are available at a number of these shops, each with its own particular designs, all made on the premises. Also, many of the stores have with the store not considered the properties of the properties of

A TASTE OF LEATHER: Unquestionably the world's largest gay department store, it is just one room after another, each with its own flavor, filled with merchandise, More things of interest to the leatherman than we could begin to list, the store has a bookshop, special rooms devoted to toxy, clothing, leather goods, shoes and books, and on and or oxy.

Beggar in the finitest could be a second to the collect and the second to the collect and the second to the second





FOLSOM STREET MAN The first "smart little store," The Folsom Street Man has broken new ground South of Market and the neighborhood has responded very positively. As line a small clothing store as you will find anywhere in the city, it selfs pants, shirts, coats and other clothing items, all connects to one of the more popular coffee and partient has connects to one of the more popular coffee and south and Market. Shopping is a real treat and can easily be combined with lumch or desecrt.

Below, leatherman gets measured for a new pair of pants at Taylor of San Francisco. Left, the well-dressed man South of Market sports boots, Levis, chaps, vest and arm band from Taylor.





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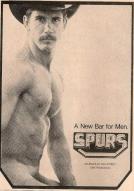
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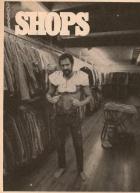


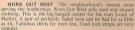
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TAYLOR OF SAN FRANCISCO: Taylor has two outlets xpert in San Francisco, is piercing your ears, your tin your cock, your tin your ears, your tin your going to do it, you migh s well get under safely and correctly. We wouldn't frust on its to anyone but Taylor. As you would expect, he has omplete line of rings and other body jewelp.





San Francisco is Worn Out West's second store, the first is in Los Angeles. Among the many things that will fulfill your fantasy are fireman's work clothes and other fetish items for those who are into uniforms and masculine costumes. Wor Out West has been an instant success and is a real asset to the neighborhood. Welcome.







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BECNEL/HAMPTON LAMPS Specializing in elegant brass floor and desk lamps, this store is the first retail outlet of two very successful wholesalers with offices at the Ice House and Showplace. Here is an opportunity to buy very high-line lighting fixtures directly from the source. This of course makes

Becnel/Hamptom also has a full line of Oriental ginger jar lamps and natural and lacquered basket lamps. Many of the lamps are custom made and unique to the shop.

The backroom workshop offers wiring, rewiring and lamp repairs. The workmanship is far beyond the "fix-it" shop

This shop is a forerunner of the small group of galleries and retail shops that are beginning to dot the neighborhood. The owners are part of a group of businessmen that are familiar faces at the leather har at night



The Mandanna T-Shirt, a South of Market original, has become one of the area's most popular pieces of clothing; next to the regulation jockstrap. It is available in almost all the South of Market leather and clothing stores.

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WHERE



South of Market has three hotels serving the gay community. BROWN'S PUB & HOSTELRY

The first gay hotel in San Francisco, Brown's is beautifully decorated in a decadent Victorian style. This hotel is a favorite of Europeans and is right on Folsom Street, Phone reservations are acepted, but you should make plans early especially for holiday ween ends such as July 4th or Labor Day. Singles, doubles and suites are available — each different and

THE ELDORADO HOTEL

Large and spacious, the Eldorado Hotel recently opened its doors and was an immediate success with the gay community. Conviently located close to all the action South of Market, it does a brisk business with leathermen visiting San Francisco, Phone reservations accepted, Make your plans well in advance, THE ANXIOUS ARMS South

of Market's newest and smallest gay hotel, the Anxious Arms features budget prices for the traveller. Within an easy walk of all the action, it is a favorite of those of modest means. Phone reservations. The There

CAKE GALLERY X. Rated cakes are the specialty of this most far out bakery. It could exist no where else than in San Francisco, and it is specially appropriate it it is South of Market. Here, you can order extraordinary pastry creations in the shape of a cock with ball harness and silver stude or have done in icing as is the Rex drawing shown here.

In fact, when the Rex cake design first appeared in their window, Rex himself marched me over to see it gleefully saying, "You really know you've arrived when you see your art work copied on cake!"

The owners of the bakery are familiar faces in many of the bars South of Market and take great care in seeing that their pastry pieces are anatomically correct. This is a fun place to visit South of Market during the day. The shop has a complete color album of their various designs and it is a true inspiration to behold.

MARKET

Besides the open-to-the-public South of Market businesses and gathering places, there is a great deal of behind-the-scene activity (no, not that kind) worthy of your attention, ALTERNATE PUBLISH-ING has its Editorial and Produ tion offices here; as does THE SENTINEL, San Francisco's largest gay newspaper, T.J. CREATIONS crafts their popular leather roses and macrame body harnesses in this part of town, CITY PRINTERS. a popular small press shop, is lo-cated off Folsom, And PACIFIC WESTERN DISTRIBUTORS, the makers of RUSH and BOLT, are In addition, many artists, writers and creative people - who you have seen and read in DRUMMER make South of Market their home. But that just might be because there's no place like this anywhere in the world

THEATRE



FOLSOM STREET WAREHOUSE

This is the South of Market answer to Bradway. A group of hardworking, dedicated, hot, professional, creative, hot gave writing, staging, and presenting theatre for arrange has been from the traditional, through the experimental; with their recent offering a musical leather version of Shakespeare's raised some eyely of Shakespeare's raised some eyelyone even there. It's high-energy theatre, but casual and realistic in its approach to both the neighborhood and the audience. Cheek them out when you're here.







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suicide can be! And you'll meet a few human beings whom you'll have to love as much as I do."

The Story of Harold

EVENTUALLY, THE DETECTIVE

Reprints are the most exciting news, as far as gay books are concerned right now. For the Drammer reader, the most important to the control of the control o

The Story of Harold is symbolic, for sure, but it is about everything important to human beings and resolves itself in the finest literary tradition.

Avon has released two other very significant books, both by John Horne Burns. Lucifer With a Book and The Gollery, both \$2.95, paperback) are the two major novels of a man who was novelst of the post-Second World War period, Burns unfortunately died in 1953 at the ago of 36. The gay suthemes of the two blowles were some of the first American fiction (30°) passages in popular American fiction (30°) passages in popular

Looking for Rachel Wallace is the latest of a series of private detective novels by Robert Parker that are a weak attempt at making their central character, a detective named Spenser, a cult hero. It's not the first time that the Bostonbased flat foot has dealt with gay characters, and it is interesting to note the those where he is reflecting on the pressures being imposed on a Lesbian feminist. Still, the novel doesn't work all that well. The inclusion of the author in a series of essays on contemporary detective novelists called Sons of Sam Spade (Ungar, hardcover, 1980, \$9.95) doesn't lend that book much credibility, and any it did would be wiped out by the total exclusion of the gay-themed David Bradstetter series written by Joseph Hansen. But the sweet revenge of the gay private eye fan is on its way: Holt, Rinehart, Winston are re-issuing all the Bradstetter

novels in paperback soon. (The first three had gone out of print.) And, there's a sixth volume in the series coming out in the Fall.

A more immediate treat for Joseph Hansen's fans is a volume of his short stories, The Dog and Other Stories, which were published before the advent of the Bradstetter books. It's a fine example of his work, available from Momentum Press, 512 Hill St., Santa Monica, CA 90405; paperback, 1980, 53.50.

Back on the mystery-and-suspense trail: The inclusion of a single gay character with only a few references to his homosexuality doesn't warrent much attention in Drummer for Lesley Andress' (Putnams, 1980, hardcover, \$10.95), but it does give us an excuse to call your attention to one of the most compelling suspense novels we've read in a long time. Three characters, the chic Jannie Shean, the tough Jack Donohue, and the sexually ambiguous neighbor, become enmeshed in the planning of a crime that leads them into a nightmare world far from their East Side beginnings, and puts them in a pressure cooker where their sexual alliance, as a three-way, underscores their total dependence on one another. The book is relevent to the Drummer reader - it's about manhood, maleness, being an outlaw, and honesty. It's superbly crafted. We give it our highest recommendation.

Cear Rotondi's Obessivor (St. Marin's Press, Indecover, 1980, 8:59) fails into a similar category. It consists of into a similar category. It consists of ferent sexuls, each one concenting a different sexuls, each one concenting a different sexuls, each one consistency and death. The tightly written pieces all and death. The tightly written pieces all have been turned off, There is no stoping each of these men and women ping each of these men and women ping each of these men and women their document of the consistency of the fields of specialization. It looks like the rest of the gay press is ging to ignore fields of specialization. It looks like the rest of the gay press is ging to ignore discount of the consistency of the content of the consistency of the content of the conte

- John Preston

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GEMINI S: (May 21-June 20) As spring arrives and wee little robins appear singing their cheerful songs, crush their wee little heads into the sidewalk with your boots before the bastards shift all over your expensive

thing else that has an asshole, don't you, Scattace?

CANCER S: (June 21-July 22) A connoisseur of old Debra Paget
movies? How 'bout a trip to Washington state to throw a few
slaves into Mount St. Helens' hot, gaping hole?

CANCER M: And, speaking of gaping holes, you're definitely in no danger when it comes to virgin sacrifices.

LEO S: (July 23-Aug. 22) The problem with Leo Sadists is that Leo masochists are usually so hard-headed that they make truer Sadists than alleged Leo Sadists. That's some heavy shit!

LEO M: If you believed any of that bullshit, you're more of a masochist than anyone thought!

VIRGO S: (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) Throw a swim party and invite only munchkin masochists to breaststroke in your urinal.
VIRGO M: Next time you're invited to a watersports party, try to

show some class. Please don't recycle Diet Cole.

LIBRA S: (Sept. 23-Oct. 22) As spring weather warms your groin, search a nearby park for open air fantasies. Forcing some hot man to lick the dust from your liking boots can be a turn-of LIBRA M: Kneeling there prostrate in the park, looking up at asweaty nuts and a pounding prick, your necktle dragging in the

dirt, realize that scenes from Drummer can happen in real life. SCORPIO S. (Oct. 23/Nov. 21) Careful of health problems this month. You may be in control of others around you but a little YO germ can knock you on your macho ass in a minute. SCORPIO Mt. Hepatitis is back, so don't french kiss rim queens;

and don't drink any piss til you check the whites of their eyes.

SAGITTARIUS S: (Nov. 22-Dec. 21) June is busting out all over as
the old song goes. Take time to bust a few assholes.

SAGITTARIUS M: Better take a break from the anal sex for awhile before your Master has to fist you with boxing gloves on.

CAPRICORN S: (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) Beware of hard Lines this spring. In fact, beware of anything hard slipping up behind you.

CAPRICORN M: Bad month last month? Your Master couldn't get it up; your German Shepherd had the clar; your vibrard shorted out; the tubs burned down; and the 87th Infrantry was sent to the Persian Gulf. An wonder you'r an 'M'."?

AQUARIUS S: (Jan. 21-Feb. 18) Exercise your morbid sense of humor ... turn a boa constrictor loose at an orgy and see how many stoned-out studs try to get it up their ass before it suffocates from Criscoed pores.

AQUARIUS M: Boas would be old hat for one as advanced as you.

Borrow a flute and sodomize yourself with a King Cobra for kicks.

PISCES S: (Feb. 19-Mar. 20) Make an obscene phone cell at 3 a.m. to someone you've never met. Tell them how you'd like to be on them while wearing a dirty, smelly jock strap and short your hot cock of tig their last. Then hang up before they can climax. PISCES M: Never make a blind date with an obscene caller ... If he was all that hot, he probably wouldn't be calling you!

ARIES S: (Mar. 21-Apr. 19) Take an adout in Drummer seeking your favorite fetish. Remember that in San Francisco B&D means "Booze and Drugs."

"Booze and Drugs."

ARIES M: Start a chain letter. But instead of money, ask for real chains.

TAURUS S: (Apr. 20-May 20) For your birthday, did true friends to give you that one thing Taureans enjoy most: a big, fat, uncut cock still reeking with juices from its last resting hole?

TAURUS M: No present for you; and, instead of a birthday cake, you may wanted a nice cheesecake . . . made from aged head cheese.

-by Aristide







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Ove and Ebbe, two hot dudes in Denmark, are looking for other studs into hard-on action. See Drumbeats No. 561.





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REVERSE DISCRIMINATION

Cheryl Taylor of Kansas City, Mo., a 20-year-old Army Private, was found guilty of sexual harassment, thereby pioneering wo-men's efforts to break into this heretofore male-dominated field "It's the first reported sexual harassment case under current terminology involving charges brought against a female soldier," said an Army spokesman who said that the Army considered that Taylor's act, grabbing a fellow soldier hetween the legs and calling him a shrimp, constituted sexual molestation. She was sentenced to 30 days hard labor, fined \$298 and demoted one rank.



STRAIGHT TV DISCIPLINE

This is the story of Dirk Dirksen's birthday party. Heidi and Olga, of the punk rock group VS. found Dirksen backstage at his punk rock palace, The Mabuhay Gardens, wearing a black evening gown and a blond wig. They dragged him onstage and ripped off his dress - exposing his true perverse taste: fishnet pantyhose under blue jeans and a black lace brassiere,

Onstage. THE WASP WOMEN were singing; Dirksen tried to hide his secret by joining the lineur

Heidi and Olga knew what to do. After all, they're the high-priestesses of bondage rock. The two leather-clad Amazons strung Dirksen up with a rope and some handcuffs. A surprise nurse rushed on stage and gave Dirksen a surprise enema. The audience was wet with delight. Dirksen tried to get free of his captors, but VS, had him firmly in hand and the Birthday Beating began. Thirty-nine lashes later, punk impersario Dirksen was a bloody lump amid the rising vanors



Marching Cadets at the U.S. Air Force Academy in Colorado pour out in search for a few more good ones to add to their ranks

PENIS ENHANCEMENT

Surgeons reattached an 8-yearold Los Angeles boy's severed penis Tuesday, but doctors said they will not know for a week whether the surgery was successful. Doctors said the boy, who was not identified, is in good condition after the four-hour operation. His father, who allegedly cut off his son's penis and flushed it down the toilet, was in custody in suburban Pasadena on a charge of mayhem. Authorities notified shortly after the incident searched the city sewer system for 90 minutes before locating the organ. They used water pressure to trap it in wire mesh two blocks from the boy's house. They rushed the organ to County were waiting to operate. Authorities would not say why the father allegedly attacked the child

CROTCH



HOT MAN-TO-MAN CONTACT FOR A COOL TWO BITS A WORD

AL ARAMA

HANDSOME, funloving, levi/leather Harley rider, Taurus, 39, 5'10". Harley rider, Tau 160 lbs, white, lantasies with ma wishes to share for ibs, white, wishes to share fantasies with masculine, discreet, clean, unselfish buddy to 50. Dig motorcycle riders, unformed cycleops, high boots, chaps, breeches, horses. Mustache/board a turn on, Seeking permanent friendships. No lease, for them for them of the chaps. fats, drugs, Box 451A

ARIZONA

LIVE-IN SLAVE & LOVER Wanted by S, 6"2", blond, blue eyes hairy, masculine, muscular, 43, with 6%" and huge bull balls. Slave, bairy, masculine, muscular, 43, with 5% and huge ball balls, Slavey son/lover should be 18-32, physically and psychologically capable of daily training and sex in all disciplines with complete submission. All financial needs met for right M. No fatt, fems, family ties, hustlers or heavy drugs. Revailing photo w/descriptive background. Be honest and save us both time. Must be will-ing to move to Phoenix. No photo. no reply. Hurry and property. Box 131.

ARKANSAS

Get on your knees and write to this dominant Master, 672", 185 lbs., 32" uncut; 17 you are white, masculine, not overweight. Interested in adwing your crotch, pouring piss adwing you crotch, pouring pissen, and the pissippine from you adminant, fist-fucking, and letting you know who's boss. Am experienced, and limits, and imaginative. You should include phone number of your should include phone number of your are wellable. Box 2008.

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LOS ANGELES, tall, slender man, 35, smooth body, well hung, versatile, wants Greek active man, well endowed, Gene, PO Box 2754, Hollywood, CA 90028, LOS ANGELES, hot guy, 29, wants raunchy mutual fun, WS, S&M, toys, heavy rimming, scat, FF, with sexy leather guy/guys. Box 643.

SAN FRANCISCO, handsome, Black, 30, 5'9', 8'', 150 lbs, hairy rugged gym artist, Gr/Fr active/passive, wants well-built, hung, masculine bottom man, any race, 21-45, especially with hairy ass and back, warmth and intalli sting of caring palms, titwork, piss, FF. NYC welcome, Box 242.

podlooking, short, 27, M. novice. Goodlooking, short, 27, M., novice, Seeking experienced, patient, smooth S. Want to learn new things. Must be hot, hung, 25-35. Dirty pie and let-ter gets enswer first. Dave, Box 71696, Los Angeles, CA 90071, Into shaving, are you?

SAN FRANCISCO, hot, trim, 34 masculine, seeks same for leathersex and leather bondage. Send photo,

REAL SLAVE WANTED Want full-time live-in slave for hunky w/m, 5'10", 155 lbs. Photo and ap-plication to Box 192, Menlo Park, CA 94025

-----and fast, so observe them or else. Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number in pencil. You can write the box number on the back flap of the envelope. Put your return address on the envelope if

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MUSCLES AND PECS Very muscular bearded BB, 37, seeks leather jocks for wild fun. Art Thompson, 525 N. Laruel, Los Angeles, CA 90048,

SAN FRANCISCO, Cancer, 36, 5' 10", 130 lbs., white, bearded bottom for rim/scat. Beard or mustache a must. No age or race restrictions Horst (415) 821-7762: 10 pm to mid restrictions night. Answering ma machine other

SM, 35, 5'8", 165 lbs., semi-muscular, 6%" cut, looking for masculine, aggressive men, 25-45, 5'8" or taller, under 200 lbs. Looking for men into trying new things, Box 256,

HAYWARD, S, muscular, 28, 11", 160 lbs., 8%" cut; looking together, well-built bottoms w together, well-built builts appearance, under 35. Into all scenes with responsive partners. Box 402. Good-enough looking, straight-ap-pearing L.A. bozo seeks like studs, 30 yrs., 6'2", 190 lbs., for occasional buddy-like horseplay, frat initiations, rough house, shaving cream fights, pie throwing, mud wrestling, domina Your pix gets mine. Box 652.

SLAVE, well-built, 5'8'', 165 lbs., 44" chest, 165" arms, 30" waist, 34 years old. Seeks dominant, aggressive tops. Visiting L.A. and S.F. June 6, 1980, P.O. Box 3044, Hialeah, FL 33013.

WILDERNESS! Muscular, good-looking dude, 27, 6' bodybuilder athlete, seeks same S.F. L.A. for summer back-packing trips. Photo, info, to Doug Box 631

MASTER, I let you tear my heart from my soul, a soul that was de-stroyed by love. It is hard to forget, I was a SLAVE

LOS ANGELES AREA I am more beautiful in bondage than in free dom, and I will submit to tortures oom, and I will submit to fortures, piercing, shaving, photography to you, Sir, or to groups. I need a Master to be pleased with and proud of me. Box 35,

KINKY FILTHY HOT 31, 5'7", 130 lbs., w/m looking for hot, totally uninhibited guys who en joy mutual play. Am mostly Master but can switch with right person of play both simultaneously. Into S&M B/D, W/S, scat, Leather, wet an B/D, W/S, scat. Leather, wet and raunchy Levis and jock straps, out-door scenes, exhibitionist. Active FF, to give, receive or both. Spankings, whippings, boots, some rubber, Ready to explore any other experi-

SAN DIEGO, SM, 39, 6'3", 190 lbs., 8" cut, has well-equipped game room for scenes with Masters or room for scenes with Masters or slaves, from novice to well-experi-enced. Have toys and know how to use them. Should be over 25, clean, in leather or levis. Box 667F. -----

you want the letter returned should there be some problem with delivery. Put proper postage on the envelope. Include 25c for each letter you want forwarded. Put the whole thing (sealed letter and fee) in another envelope addressed to Drummer. Letters not properly prepared will be destroyed.

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WASHINGTON, SM, Sag., 33, 5'7", 130 lbs., white, 10"; knowledgeable, very interested in a variety of sexual experiences and willing to try them with mature, uninhibited partners, 45-50. No fems, fats, long huir or

WASHINGTON, slave, Sag., 54, 5' 6%", 168 lbs., white, 6', Relishes 6%", 168 lbs., white, 8". Relisnes being subservient to decent, good-looking Master who is sincere and has a sense of humor. Prefer cut, under 36, no beards, red heads, or hairy bodies. Box 227S.

FLORIDA

Torfure my cock and halls shave me from my chest to my toes, whip my from my chest to my toes, whip my ass, and make this 6'2", 160 lbs., 6%" bottom thankful. Can travel in Southeastern U.S. Rox 654

ORLANDO AREA, w/m, 29, 6'6' new to area, seeks activities, also having a good time with a real man (leather). Steve, 615 Constitution Dr. Orlando, FL 32809. also

HAIRY MACHO MEN
If you're into funky, hot, aveaty
sex and are hairy, rugged, rough
masters; write me and tell me what
you would do to me. This good slave
can travel and can receive. Also
pecializing in WS, S&M, B&D,
timming, Fr and Gr with Mr. Right.
Box 59. HAIRY MACHO MEN

M, 5'10", 155 lbs., 50, 8" cut, tight but well-used ass, seeks 25-50 hairy, macho, funky, rugaed man under 200 lbs., into levis, leather, uni-forms, funky sex, w/s, sweat, being plessed by a man who can plesse. No skinnies or pretty boys. Box 59

TALLAHASSEE w/m, 24, 5'9", 165 bs., wants to be trained to serve a master's needs. L/L, uniforms, har-nesses. Box 474.

MIAMI UNIFORM STUDS SM, Taurus, 25, 6', 165 lbs., white, 6'', masculine, muscular stud seeks boot and uniform buddles into police and military scenes. Only butch studs with boot or uniform fetish need apply. Real motorcycle cops and military men a plus. Discretion assured. Uniformed photo with phone number. Box 201FLW.

LAKE WORTH, SM, Pisces, 36, 6'1", 175 lbs., white, 8"; old hand, can endure much in either role and wants no nonsense partner who knows what he is doing. Into heavy S&M, regular sex. No fems, amateurs. Box 1251.

SOUTHWEST FLORIDA, m, 25, 5'11", 150 lbs, blond, good build. Looking for hot, horny action from built, hung dudes, into leather. levis, heavy fucking, toys, cock wor-ship, WS. Haven't had good workship, out since left NY. Give me one, please, Sir! Box 612.

COCOA BEACH, S, Capricorn, 59, 5'6", 155 lbs., white; knowledge-able, open-minded, willing to please.

WANT THIRSTY HUNK MEN For heavy WS, sweaty muscle lick-ing, enemas, exhibitionism, mirrors, lo; with this goodlooking narcissist, 40, 5'10", 160 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes. Studs can sweat me down and use me at both ends. Submissives will stay down, drink, and worship.

FT. LAUDERDALE, S, 43, 5'7%' 160 lbs., 7" cut, big balls and bi 160 lbs., 7" cut, big balls and big hands looking for FF wide-receivers for three-ways with would-be sla No scat or heavy pain trips. Demand-ing but considerate, Box 258.

SOUTHWEST FLORIDA, S, 38, SOUTHWEST FLORIDA, S, 38, 5'7", 140 lbs., crewcut, construction worker, into leather, levis, boots, bikes, cigars, aroma, etc. Likes kinky scenes. Am masculine and hung. Need service from masculine, cock ungry, piss thirsty dudes. Limited photo to Box 315

HIALEAH, SM, Pisces, 32, 5'8", 165 lbs., white, 6"; knowledgeable, experienced in both roles to go as far as partner's experience permits. Part ner should be well-built, over 28 not in Miami or Ft. Lauderdale. No fems. fats, long hairs. Box 9.

GEORGIA

IN THE CLOSET Married muscular construction work er into fantasies, leather, sight, smell, taste, oral sex and rimming with other discreet muscular and masculine males who plore fontasies and desires. plore funtasies and desires. Enjoy correspondence, photo and personal item exchange for JO session. Not into sissies or fats or real rough stuff. I am for real just careful. Box 646.

HAWAII SHAVED, autofellatio, Ilatio, tits. Trade

photos or meet. Into B&D, throat, Greek piercing, corset, Single or couple guaranteed sponse, phone. Box 635. HONOLULU, SM, 42, 6'4", slender,

a hairy 6" cut, big balls. Top willing to experience being bottom. Very masculine, expect same, 18-35, white, hung, clean. No fats, freaks, scat. Box 254.

IDAHO TRAVELING DOMINANT 200 lbs.,

husky.

looking for willing bottoms or intelligent tops (can switch for trustworthy master). Into toys, groups, bondage; am always horny. No fats, fems, WS, drugs or heavy pain. In-terested in possible vacation/ski bud-dies. Box 18.

II I INOIS CHICAGO, 31, 5'9", 145 lbs., white seeks black master,

e seeks black master, into hos action, face fucking, ass licking & dick sucking, B&D, dildoes Like my ass warmed with belt or spanked good with heavy hand. Love to have my white butt fucked by hot white dick. No scat or FF. Box 6348, Chicago IL 60680.

EVANSTON, S, Scorpio, 48, 5'11" 170 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable 170 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable turned on by high, heavy boots and wants slave with same strong interest for mutually-booted sessions. Marrer wears rubber boots for rubber slaves. leather boots for leather slaves. Limits respected, no drugs. Bert, 2423 Ridgeway Ave., Evanston, IL

CHICAGO, Scorpio, 32, 5'10". 140 lbs. 7½" uncut, white, completely inexperienced. Willing to try anything with the right person. Has intense desire to orally serve beer derinker heavily into w/s who wants a man-to-man relationship with affectionate partner. Should be well built with body hair. Roy 160

CHICAGO, Aries, 29, 6'1", 200 lbs. muscular S, dominant and knowl muscular S, dominant and knowledgeable, 7" cut. Handsome body builder knows how to give orders knows how to get service, and knows how to punish failure. Potential slave should be submissive, 21-35, obedient, and know his place. No fats. Box 181P, W/m, 29, seeks guys into B&D, humiliation in underwear or long-johns, Jay H, 450 Briar, No. 8K, Chicago, IL 60857.

No week-ends or overnights. For life of obedience and servitude. Age unimportant. Into all scenes except

CHICAGO, M, Aries, 29, 5'10' 175 lbs., white, 7'; knowledgeable enthusiastic and willing to try all most anything with level-hearts. partner in good physical condition No fems, fats, Box 186Z

BODYBUILDER BODYBUILDER
S, versatile, hunky Capricorn into various scenes. Wants loving slawe for admiration and sexual fulfillment. Rewards for good service. Am 6, 180 lbs., located in the St. Louis area (Altion, ILI). Box 159M.

BORN TO SERVE BORN TO SERVE
Need to worship big, muscular body, know how to do so with experience and submission. Am attractive, 23, 5'8", 155 lbs., stender but muscular build. Prefer someone in their 30's, tall, at least 6', well-endowed, muscular, ruggedly goodlooking, hairy-chested if possible. While I am always extremely willing, he should respect limits, and not regard a show of affection as a sign of weakness.

EVANSTON, S. Scorpio, 46, 5'11", 175 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable: turned on by high, heavy boots and wants slave with same strong interest for mutually-booted sessions. Refor mutually-booted sessions. Re-spect limits. No fats, fems, hard drugs. Box 17R25.

SLAVE WANTED SLAVE WANTED
Master looking for slave who will
take care of my home. Will be kept
naked and shaved, must be into
light S&M, B&D, WS. Must like to
jog, swim and bike. Under 35 and
under 6'. Will help relocate. Send
photo with lotter. Box 314.

SPRINGFIELD, S, 54, 5'8", 160 lbs., looking for slave, 21-50, white only. Am experienced, respectful of limits; but can be either extremely sadistic or gentle, based on slaves sadistic or gentle, based on slav

INDIANA

INDIANAPOLIS, S. 48, 6'3" 100 lbs., 6%" uncut, seeks willing, obed ent, submissive slave, masculine, slender, under 35, preferably uncut. Am understanding but forceful, Box

INDIANAPOLIS, M. IS, M, 24, 6', 180 lbs., 65" cut, into B&D, heavy S&M.
Will try anything at least once, but
basic interest is in bondage and pain.
Turns on to Blacks, hairy men, 21-40. no fats. Box 73

KENTUCKY

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE Lexington, S, 38, 5*11", 175 lbs., experienced in all scenes. All limits considered. Must have firm body ready, write now. Box 986, Lexing-ton, KY 40588.

LOUISIANA MONROE, 33, white, 6', 175 lbs., seeks w/m, 25-40. Am primarily M into futher/son type discipline with

bondage. Will assume S role proper M. Box 332,

W/m seeks master, show me the ropes. No gay experience but will-ing. 26, 6', 170 lbs., athletic. Write Box 30015, New Orleans, LA 70190. HARVEY, SM, Leo, 42, 6*, 215 lbs., white, 7**, novice. Firm but gentle, understanding of partner's likes' dislikes. Seeks similar into role-switching. No fems, drunks. Box 1302.

MARYLAND

WEEKEND SLAVE Couple (S: 32, 160 lbs., 5'11" and M: 32, 150 lbs., 6') need services of a weekend slave into w/s line R&D a weekend slave into W/s, IIIb wash, S&M. Applications accepted, photos a must, Box 147.

BALTIMORE AREA, M, novice, 5'11", 180 lbs., 6" cut, seeks sin-cere, understanding, experienced and to bring out ability to serve. Am willing, obedi-ent, and eager to learn, Some US travel. Box 128

MASSACHUSETTS

S, 40, 6'1", b/m, wants regular workout on young, enduring, sub-missive M, B&D, WS, toys, FF, enemas, strapwork, Must be mascueager pline and breaking in/down. No fats, fems, yo-yos, sissies. Letter explaining what you offer, photo, phone. Box 648.

CAPE COD, Jeep freak into armadillos, long necks and catipusses. Like mile runs on sandy beaches, hot sun, cool surf. Golden Eagle, RFD 1, Box 87, E. Wareham, MA

STON, M, inexperienced, 5'10' 165 lbs., will make up in obedi-ence what I lack in experience, Can someone who has teaching ability, stays in firm control. No fats, especially no fems. Box 192.

MICHIGAN

WANTED, Used leather jacket 42-44, Breeches, pants 36W 129 Hood mask, gloves. Love uniforms, boots,

FARMINGTON, S, Virgo, 33, 5'6". 135 lbs., white, 8½", knowledge-able. Firm Master demands obedient. experimental slave. No bulds, fats, TAYLOR, MS, Capricorn, 24, 5'10"

185, white, 6½", novice. Eager to learn from and submit to the right S. Will serve Master totally, Box 261. ANN ARBOR, SM, 39, 5'7", 165 ANN AltBUR, SM, 39, b7, tob lbs, 6" cut, semi-muscular, seeks adaptable partner, under 45, who is sensual as well as horney, not afraid to give and take alike. Into levi/ leather. No pain, dirt, fats, or emo-tional problems. Box 204.

SOUTHFIELD, 46, 6', 160 lbs., German S, muscular, 7" uncut seeks novice who would be interin exploring and growing limits respected. No drugs fats, fems. Hairless body, tight phy sique a plus. Box 468.

MINNESOTA

MINNEAPOLIS, Bondage artist seeks buddy to sahre leather/western fants sies. Must be sincere, hunky and sane. No drugs. I'm 6'3", 190 lbs., and handsome. Box 566.

MINNEAPOLIS, SM, Taurus, 31, 5'11', 7', bearded bottom for piss & scart. I love leather and kinky scenes, looking for filth frask, Into shaving, light SSM, B&D, tit work. Can also go top, Write AI, Box 476, Minneapolis, MN 55440.

DIST, OF COLUMBIA Aeqo pue entes os Builling ular, into bondage and discipline, S, 30, 611", 180 lbs., husky, hairy, 6" cut, masculine, firm; seeks clean-cut slave, 18-35, white, slim or mus-

perienced leather Master, send me perienced leather Master, send me contrabile to the Seme Contrability and perients for the Contrability of the C -xe pue tueuimob e tuew onw esoil

MYSTIC, S. Aries, 50'6, 5'10",

SM, 45, 6'3", 190 lbs., 8" cut, well used ass; looking for tell, well built, well hung studs. Box 965.

CONNECTICUT

built guys weering leather pants, jeckets, high top boots, Ed Moyer, built guys weering leather pants, Will write to all goodlooking, well

and leathersex goals! Instructor c/o Mountain Men, Box 18876, Denver, CO 80218. we physical, career, educational basis, Master will support efforts to Temporary By older, experienced learherman to young novice; beginner or advanced, on temporary or lifetime-live in

COLORADO

Any race, no fattles, over 663. 145 lbs, 5'10", br/bl, 39, coc ball torture with or without bor TRIGAR ABRA A.J.

into belts, bondage, huge didoses and continuous non-stop fucking, Into freavy leather, military scenes, heavy 88.D, Box 608, suasseu spagu montog ton sylisser

PALM SPRINGS, M. 34, 672", 180 lbs., desires S who is dominant in mind as well as body. Lews/leather a turnon. Box 902.

VENICE, M. 22, 6", 130 lbs., 6%" Box 74. Box 7

L.A. BOTTOM Slim muscular blonde, 28, 5'4'', into WS, bondese, beards, hairy muscled chests, levis, leather and getting fucked, Photo, letter to: Box 603,

and heavy pain when deserved. You right, town the line, and "Ill treat you right, town the line, and "Ill treat you right, all photo, list of experience, and sincere request to: 955 Oak St., San Francisco, CA 94117. bodybuilder, dominant and sadistic. You are 20-30, submissive, honest not affeid of hard work, long hours, inversion to full-time, live-in a 30-avairable and percepted. I am a 30-year-old independent contractor, year-old independent and switterie

hor, sweaty man action, any race, used beer, raunchy cocks. Hot cuts under 30 ok, Rick, Box 4358, Torrance, CA 90510. LONG BEACH AREA uncuts wanted by blonde/blue-eyed Z6-yesr-old, 150 lbs., 5'10", 7" uncut, hot w/m. Dig

roer 40, 5 10" and faller, hung rer 6", dressed in full leather. Box HB6 NAS AND FRANCISCO, SM, 41, 7", 5710". Previous experience as an S, 510". Previous experience and previous and tailer, hung under 60, 510" and tailer, hung under 60, 510".

perienced, Box 318V2. LOS ANGECES, S.M. 40, 67, 190 bits, 92 bits, 190 bits, 97 uncut, expenienced Master or sleave with cabin in the worker had encurated for outdoor scenes. The Am gentle four training in both foles, Am gentle but film, sepect limits. Vot into exceptions, paged in finite. Vot into exceptions are pain of the service pain or force, Prefer the exceptions of the present processing the service of the present processing the processi

Aparen, clean-out, Box 52C.

Aparen, clean-out, Box 52C.

Aparen, clean-out, Box 52C.

Aparen, clean-out, Box 52C.

real man who knows what he wents and how to take it. No heavy S&M. Box 85113, L.A., CA 90028. who needs a goodlooking, experi-encod, masculine leather topnens, under 45, to fulfill my desines to learn, serve, respect and love a man A. nostiton, its secure with his position. A LOS ANGELES, MS, Leo, 26, 50 blue hair, and non-smoker/drinker, knowledgeable, and little bluer hair and hair signification marketha specification man hair and proving a goodlooking, knowledgeable, and little piece, knowledgeable, and honors a goodlooking, specification meds a goodlooking, specification meds a goodlooking, specification of the province of the prov

SANTA MONICA, w/m, 50, seeking someone into recycled beer, give and take, Box 286.

LOS ANGELES, M, 42, 6°, 165 lbs. W/m into Leather/Levis seeks 5 for \$8M, 8&D and especially CB for ture, No scat, 80x 660. yours. No public gyms. Need serious instruction, discipline, and sweaty pec and rear end workouts, Box 651. twice a week, Hi have weights or use beerded Pollsck bottom need ma-ture well-hung Weight Trainer-Mas-SAN FRANCISCO, 30, 6°, 185 lbs.

anything I wouldn't walk down the street with, Box 667C. or musculer men under 55, 8, Not interested in fucking LOS ANGELES, N. mesculine stud.

"cut; looking for masculine, slen"cut; looking for man under 55, LOS ANGELES, S. 45, 66", 135

rubbers and oil. Box 294V8. sioos 'oniu concrete, '59111 sweeting, pissing, shifting, bukeing, byeating and farting, Gots off with with rank ampits, slimey asshole and a cruddy uncut cock wears greasy, rotten, stinking boots, socks, 1-shirts, levis and leather. Digs softline passine, shittine, pukeing, softline, puseing, Tough, hard, beer-drinking, cigar-smoking, foul mouthed dirt dude with rank ampits, slimey asshole HTJI Y

to 45. No mutilation, physical handi-capped, Box 208. limits with reliable partne LOS ANGELES, MS, Leo, 42, 67 11", 165 lbs., white, 6", novice, will ing and eager to learn complete sub-ing and eager to learn complete sub-mission, to suffer or cause suffering

LOS ANGELES, M. Virgo, 49, 5' 10". 145 lbs., white, 6", knowledg-eable, imaginative and obedient. Box 182. WOODLAND HILLS, M, Pisces, 40, 610, 670, M, Pisces, 40, enloys cock and ball action, catheters, enemss, serious sax by controlling Master; 3-ways, Box 132M. VENTURA, SM, 45, 6'3". 225 lbs., Over 35, over 6' tall, in levis or learner, 35, over 6' tall, in levis or learner, dominant or pastive. Am verse title and willing to learn, Box 170.

Fremont, 38, 6'3", Black, 190 lbs., 7" uncut, gives total oral service; appreciates WS, dirty talk, name-SHAL SLAVE

outs only in prison uniforms or work garb. US*ALL, Dept D., Box 972, Mountain View, CA 94042. ciated punishment facility. Workallows. Applications requested for as-sistence as Guard/Drill Instructor. Stocked is a non-domestically as-

Avan, A. S. M. S. REPORT TO COMMANDANT

ing, heavy pain, scat, or inexperience. Box 163 white, to 40, taller than myself, who are equipped with enough fantasy toys to make role playing enjoyable toys to make role playing enjoyable may to make role playing enjoyable may for make to may out the mysosites. riety of scenes looking for partners, white, to 40, taller than myself who are ins., 8" cut. Novice with intelligence adaptibility, perception, into a us SAN FHANCISCO, M, 31, 5'8', 135

'Aidea ou 'ojoud on

hairy animal is waiting to be roped, bridled and ridden hard, Mike, Box 14353, San Francisco, CA 94114, more like aligator clamps, if you en-loy filling a guys deep-seated needs and sensitivity doesn't threaten your hoof-company to the property from the property of the propert to the bedposts and is closer to im-mobility; if your resitty of titplay has gone beyond clothespins and is more like alignor clamos; if you On speed siem blo-lesy-Pt bemeinU

FF, clean freaks, dishonest types, Digs w/s, B&D, S&M. Box 162. out hangups, expects same. Not into FF, clean freaks, dishonest types. -uliw eleczid syolne Isinoifidiax NAN FRANCISCO, SM, 29, 5'7",

130 Ibs., 7" cut, handsome, masculine, completely uninhibited, reunchy
dude can wield a whip as well as take
is Exhibitionist enjoys bissase with-

his crotch licked and his boots pissed on. Am 6', 155 lbs., 8'', white, 32. Photo in jock strap and leather jacket a must. Box 967. Hairy guy into raunchy lock straps, WS, and heavy leather. Digs having

and be into leather, levis or uniforms. and be find a specific or set of the set of

90006 longed bondege, genitorine, water, sports, aports, cliecpline, interests include whips, quirts, crops, floggings, promi milliany seems, Visitors welcome, can also fraves (Want zeroin, not salk, Phoneshonor to: Occup,, 691'S, and promised to the construction of the c

Box 318V. bad teeth or soft beilies. Seek MC riders for summer runs, No mind-blowing orgasms, which I wish to share in either role (prefer dominny personal limits for AVALON, SM, Leo/Virgo cusp. 39, 5'11", 145 lbs., 7" uncut. An evil and imaginative mind dedicated to

respect important, Looking for varied experiences. Box 16. 125 lbs., semi-muscular build, hairy, 6" uncut, looking for hairy man under 50, white, with good build, into taining a willing novice, fluctual into the properties. Looking for weited OAKLAND, M. novice, 54, 577.

CV 84131.

Lighton 68 cs 21301 S.E.

Lighton

ant Master. I am a novice with a lot to learn, Box 67. LOS ANGELES, M, 53, 5'8", 173 hbt, Gemini, 6" cut, well used ass, into the smell and taste of leather, into the smell and taste of leather, and Address to be controlled by a domin-ant Address to be controlled by a domin-

position; a real man who knows what he whents and how to take it. No heavy S&M, fars, or fams, Photo please, Sir. Box 117. desires to learn, serve, respect and love a man who is secure with his ing, experienced, masculine leather topmen funder (45) to fulfill my topmen funder (45) to fulfill my sprag group group factors hair, blue eyes, mustache, good-looking non-smoker/drinker, knowl-edgeable, I am a full-time blker/ cut, black LOS ANGELES, MS, Leo, 26, 11", 130 lbs, white, 8" cut, bla

We like to do it in groups, inter-ested? For details: Box 38837, Hollywood, CA 90038. rache; but not necessarily, Box 127.

Miss rigit of the year. 82 Idoil offi vbeastA A SAN FERNANDO VALLEY/L.A.
White slave, 25, 6', 165 lbs, goodlooking Scandinavian, 7' cut, needs

Messaged, pulled, caressed, lacked, lacked, tordited, tordited, football, together, football, together, football, together, football, together, football, together, football, together, football, fo 10 POFTIBING, BOX 502. BALLS AND ASS

pecially would like to meet men with genital decorations. Photos and/or greitude in return, Northern Call-fornia area, Box 171. weird, obscene, unusual, strange, weird, indecent tattoos would like to see and photograph your for posterity. Identity remains undisclosed. Only identity remains undisclosed. Only tastif. Est. Hot young photographer working on collection of erotic, lewd, sexy, pri-EROTIC LATTOOS

trucking business. Only serious need meal bne avias of enlesh suches drive SOUTHERN CELF, THUCKER Two booted, learher, uniform men, 38, 175 lbs., 6°2", requires the full versatile, new to see, want to con-time services of a young turck slave municate, men chart other study for multi-with serious desire to serve and learn QUEENS, NYC, mature M, Scorpio, bottom man, 5'7", 145 lbs., hairy body, bald but bearded, seeks mature top Muster for discipline and heavy titwork, FF, WS, scat. Jock straps, hairy bodies, black beards, stocky builds turn me on. No role syitching or skinny blondes Boy 308

Levi, work boots, macho, 28, 5'
10", 140 lbs., hung, very well built, short hair, into getting sucked, fucked, rimmed, arm pits licked, jlo, jockstreps, cockrings, lantasies and/or getting face fuck, FF, WS. Seeks similar well built, hung, aggresvery macho guy into all man Box 547, New York, NY 10019.

MANHATTAN, submissive, white, 145 lbs., moustache, seeks experienced topmen with moustache/ beard. Especially into jocks, boots, fantasies, tit work, sweat, WS, B&D. Scenes involving pain must be mixed equally with affection and not seen as a sign of weakness. Interested in non-sexual good times also. No FF

MANHATTAN, 37, M, 5'11", Leo, married, seeks mature, compassionate top man to dominate a dominant personality. I've a decent build, personality. I've a decent build, hairy body, big cock; would like similar. Not into heavy B&D or scat. Would like interesting interesting person to

BUFFALO, W/m, 25, 5'9", 185
lbs., 7" uncut, into leather, inex: 38, hairy, brown hair/blue eyes,
perienced in S&M but interested in weekend Jock, looking for another
pain and giving it, Looking for levi guy redy to give and take. Good
water: latther lover, 21-35, latto man weekome. Photo pets mine. Box pain and giving it, Looking for wearer; leather lover, 21-35, I S&M and discretion, Box 404BNY

BROOKLYN, M. Aquarius, 33, 6' 170 lbs., white/Cherokee Indian, 7' uncut, knowledgeable. Smooth body-builder, talented, tight ass slave needs domineering Master to 40 over 6", hairy, into B&D, No role-switching, scat, shaving, Box 122.

THE AUTHOR OF MR. RENSON THE AUTHOR OF MR. BENSON lessh. It is used to submit your application as one of his slaves. You will be expected to humbly submit to his physical and psychological demands. SCRANT Your explicit letter must be ac. 56' 15' companied by a photo. Jack Press seeks upon the August Rev 46's.

W/m. tall W/m, tall, attractive, 30s, mous-tache, uncut, looking for hot sex, WS, FF (top), verbal, whatever, Box 489

Bosman, white, 42, 5'7", 145 lbs., well built, rugged, good looks, hung, tattooed, bearded, bright, imagina-tive, wears leather, levis, boots, sattoodd, bearned, bright, imagina-tive, wears leather, levis, boots, likes it rough, raunchy, laid back, looking for some men to fuck with, Write: RCS, Box 1064, New York, NY 10022.

OHIO

CLEVELAND, SM, 35, 6', 186 lbs., muscular/husky build, inexperienced but tend towards S role, seeks 26 35, up to 6', white, under 200 lbs., at least 6" for further experimentation. Box 665H.

AKRON, MS, Gemini, 43, 6'1", 195 lbs., white, 6'4", knowledge-able, Into heavy B&D, light S&M. Would switch roles with right part-No extreme pain, heavy ers, drug users or hippies, Box 187L.

COLUMBUS, SM, Virgo, 40, 5'9", 183 lbs., white, 65", biker, leather/levi, mutual satisfaction for macho. sincere, straight-appearing putor

CLEVELAND, MS, Aries, 46, 5'10", 155 lbs., white, 6%", novice. French active, Greek passive, wants to please large, well-built partner to 50, fats heavy S&M or B O Boy 17V

ΟΚΙ ΔΗΟΜΑ

OK CITY, S, 6'2", 195 lbs., 8" cut. I give orders and expect obedience or punishment prevails. Looking for over 25, under 6'2", with average undowment; perhaps in jock strap and chaps. Box 1010K

STILLWATER, SM, 36, 5'9", 180 lbs., 8" uncut, ex-police officers looking for other officers, ex-officers, those into uniforms as a lifestyle. No ets, drugs, fems, scut. Discreet. OREGON

Leo, onate PORTLAND, S, 32, 5'5". 170 lbs, sinant sami-muscular, hairy, 7%" cut, debuild, manding. Like to hear slaves beg like but respect limits. Masculine dudes tattooed, muscular, or at least not fat, that want discipline in leather or levis, write: Box 241.

PENNSYLVANIA ARRISBURG M 160 lbs hite slave looking for master.

26

no fakes, fats, fems, uglys. Into B&D, jock straps, torn pants, al humiliation, public worship. Make me your dog with collar and leash. I will obey or else. Will go to NY, Philadelphia, Baltimore or DC.

SCRANTON, M. Gemini, white, 47, 5'6", 154 lbs, 6", intelligent novice seeks understanding, affectionate Master lany agel who will respect and expand limits. Am adventurous and pretty solid. Any race okay. Box 964.

White male mid-30s, masculine and average-looking wants to be hogtied, sacked, and loaded into a truck by Rugged Dungareed Men who will use me as labor and to serve their Work Dungarees and Sweaty Bodies! No S&M, pain or degradation. Box 641.

FATHER SADIST NEEDED
MASOCHIST, 23, Italian, masculine, hairy, tattooed, nice-looking, obedient, needs a cruel, cigar-smoking master, gloved and booted in full black feather who can be gentle at times, 30-55, into hot raw sex, times, 3U-5b, into hot raw sex, bondage, beatings, welts, cock and ball cigar discipline, plss, hoods, ages, hot wax, lunger. No scat, one-nighters, shaving, drugs, FF or fags. Turn on to heavy, tall, rugged men. Box 25073, Philadelphia, PA 19147.

HOT, HORNY, HUNG NEED ACTION!

Leather, truckers, uniforms, hard hats. I am willing and waiting in Philadelphia, PA. Box 634.

chest, 34" waist, wants to expand experiences with clean, experienced, masculine S. Box 23,

PHILADELPHIA, S, Aquarius, 46, 5'9", 165 lbs., white, 7", knowledge-able, Masculine S seeks M under 35, into S&M, B&D, WS, oil, lesther, levis. Send photo and phone number with remember laster Dev 200

PHILADELPHIA, M, Libra, 49, 5' 11", 140 lbs., white, 8". Completely inexperienced but willing to learn from refined, well-built partner to 50. Box 52F.

PHILADELPHIA, S, Virgo/Scorpio, 42, 5'7", 160 lbs., white, 7"; knowledgeable. Italian stallion, muscular limits in all areas. Master seeks mas culine, obedient slave to serve his boots, leather and chains. Will train up to 35 in S&M, B&D, WS, chains, bike and western, leather, toys. Send letter of submission with photo and phone. No bullshit, Box 52

PITTSBURGH, M, 43, 6', 180 lbs., semi-muscular, 7" uncut, big balls, 8 years in USMC, into discipline; look-ing for masculine man, under 40, white, in leather or levis, who understands submission and service. Into face and ass fucking. No fats, fems or heavy S&M, Box 83.

PHILADELPHIA, M, Libra, 49, 5' 10%", 140, White, 8". Completely inexperienced, Willing and eager to learn from refined, well-built partner to 50, 80x 052F.

WILKES BARRE, S, Cancer, 41, 67, 170 lbs., white, 12". Experienced military disciplinarian with rural stockade. 20 years military experience; seeks prisoners, from beginners to experienced, for penal discipline Scene is of primary importance. Steel bondage, cells, cages, heavy physical exercise used. Will train beginners. No fems, fats. Box 55 PITTSBURGH, S, 43, 6', 180 lbs. semi-muscular, 7" uncut, big balls; I years in USMC; into discipline, Look uncut, big balls; 8

ing for masculine man, under 40, white, in leather or levis, who under stands submission and service. Into face and ass fucking. No fats, fems or heavy S&M Roy 83

I know how to please. 5'6", 32, 140 lbs., w/m, will worship your feet/boots. Moustache a plus, beards 0.K. Box 705. KENNEL MASTER NEEDED

Wim, 32, 58", hairy dog slave needs to be put on his knees where he belongs. Need verbal abuse, piss, WS, humiliation, spit, animal training. Use my hot mouth. No FF or seat. Master to 35, Picture please, sir. York — Herrisburg, PA. Box 642.

PUERTO RICO

SAN JUAN, All dudes interested in animal fantasy, leather, levis, rim-ming, spanking, WS; phone (809) 722:3631. Will be visiting Miami and NYC in August. Am 5'11", light brown, 148 lbs., all man.

SOUTH CAROLINA M, 24, 66 kg, 178 cm, white, into whippings with belts, welts, tit torture, verbal abuse, bondage, mana-

cles, shackles, gags, piss, enemas, sucking, getting fucked, leather, levis, boots and uniforms. Seeks correspondence and/or meetings with dominant white Masters in USA, Canada, England, Germany, Sweden and Australia. Box 687C. LUVPEASES

TO DRUMMER'S FRIENDS MATTHEW & BUDDY GLENDALE

TENNESSEE

NASHVILLE, S, 39, 6', 150 lbs 8" uncut, masculine stud looking for well-built, masculine dude who isn't into games, or limitations, isn't into games, or limitations. Into man-to-man action. No bull-shitters, drunks, drugs or fat. Box

TEXAS

HOUSTON AREA, w/m, 32, 5'9". 160 lbs., 6", novice needs experi-enced top for leather and rubber bondage, mud, grassy-oily dirt. No FF, scat or heavy pain, Prefer beards, hairy chests, Box 657.

EAGER TO LEARN
HOUSTON area w/m, 32, 5'9", 150
lbs., willing to do anything for someone who will teach and train. Like
moustaches, trimmed beards, hairy chests and less. Box 386. DALLAS COMPLETE MASTER

36, 6', 165 lbs., sensational fist fucker, insatiable big cock, flexible feet for unusual ass play, seeks slaves who are serious about their role and want a lifetime in S&M. Box 476.

HOUSTON MASTER, 45, w/m, 5' 11", 175 lbs., gentle but firm, ac-cepting applications. Slave, you must be masculine, well-proportioned, obebe masculine, well-proportioned, obe-dient, willing to serve. Inexperience OK, you will be trained. Reasonable limits respected. Write sincere, confi-dential letter. Ask what questions you have NOW, Include photo, Perm-anent live-in possible. I can travel. Box 633.

WOODSHED DISCIPLING
Red hot, bare-assed spankings given/
taken by hunky 31,6', 180 lbs. Send
letter and phone to: Box 36258,
Dallas, TX 75235.

FT. WORTH, SM, 47, 6'2", 190 lbs., 7" uncut, German Aquarius is look-ing for either slave or Master, Either should be knowledgeable clean not into drugs, interested in motorcycles, uniforms, boots. Not into FF, scat, w/s Rox 059D

DALLAS, Leo and Aquarius, both 8%", completely inexperienced, pre-fers someone to explore our unmasculine, outdoor type, no heavy action; new to this but willing to try anything once. Race no problem. No scat/dope, Want to hear from all you hot men. Photo appreciated. Boy 266

TATTOO ARTIST WANTED for lover/slave, permanent position, by white master, 38. Must be under 34 under 145 lbs., no whites, no blacks. Write with photo to: T.M. Master, Box 816, Richmond, TX 77469. RETIRED TEXAN

Free to travel USA, Interests include but not limited to: leather and rub but not limited to: leather and rub-ber clothing and footveer and e-lated items. MC police uniform (breeches and boots). Most anxious to correspond with and possibly meet other individuals with smilar interests regardless of geographical location of current residence. Box 401,

ATTENTION SLAVE Master, 38, 5'10", 140 lbs., seeks Mexican or Oriental lover/slave for Mexican or Oriental lover/slave to permanent position. Slave must be under 35, under 145 lbs., into bon-dage, tattoos, shaving, light S&M, WS, willing to relocate. Cuarters furnished along with other needs. Write: T.M. Master, Box 816, Rich-Write: T.M. Mast mond, TX 77469.

PERMANENT SLAVE WANTED Dominant Master, 36, Gemini, 6'1", 175 lbs., seeks permanent slave. Am experienced with well-equipped game room. Am into Leather/Levi, FF. WS, B&D and S&M. Seeking young slave who is willing to serve on a permanent basis, and who will see a show of affection not as a sign of weakness. No fats or fems, sincere only. Mike, 1613 19th Street South, Moorhead, MN 56560.

Gay male would like to meet cow. boys, truckers, linemen, only mascu-line bearded men who like a tight ass long fucking sessions. No fats and discretion assured. Box 653

MISSOURI

WRESTLING Sweat, jock straps, bare ass, any thing goes. Grab hold and gol Box 649

S MONK SEEKS DISCIPLE M Leather master will instruct you using strict monastic obedience, huusing strict monastic obedience, hu-miliation, discipline, penitence, pov-erty, labor, silence, cloister, devotion, You will learn sign language, have name changed, head shaven. If you pass the novitate you will be pro-fessed Usque As Mortem. You can-not serve two masters. This is defin-not serve two masters. This is definitely a total commitment to eat my cock and drink my piss, not a pious meditation, Vocation to serve? Apply with aspirations and photo. Many are called but only one is chosen.

ST. LOUIS, SM, 43, 6', 160 lbs., 7" uncut, beard, novice, into either role, Looking for masculine dudes, -45, prefer hairy chest and uncut. No fats, fems, or scat. Dig to into WS, cock worship. Box 64

ST. LOUIS, S, Leo, 31, 5'9", 210 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable, Demands strict obedience; will pur white. 6 any infraction with pain. Partner must have stamina, youthful ap-pearance, can be to late 40s. Box 245.

NEBRASKA

OMAHA, S, 37, 5'11", 175 lbs., entering scene. Looking for cleancut white M to 30, goodlooking, muscusmooth body, masculine, and who enjoys being dominated Start th light B&D and grow together. I'm respectable and discreet, you must be same. Personal character important. No drugs, fats, fems or dirty need apply. Box 231.

NEW JERSEY

NJ/NYC, W/m, 5'11", 182 lbs 40, topman experimenting with bottom role. Into jocks, toys, oil i/o, piercing, enemas, spreadeagle bondage, outdoors, jeeps, young tight white bodies. Also correspond with white bodies, Also correspond with tops and bottoms countrywide. Pho-tos returned and appreciated. Box

NORTHERN JERSEY, W/m, 38, 6'2", 185 lbs., hairy, knowledgeable, masculine, dominant and aggressive Master; yet quiet, straight acting and appearing seeks slave, 25-35, for permanent live in relationship. Muscular body a plus. Willing to train novice to my ways. Will respect limits. No hard or ruff stuff. No drugs, fats, fems or phonies, Box

HIGHSTOWN, M, 32, 5'8", 160 lbs., 7" cut. Blond hunk seeks being controlled. Prefer Master in total leather. Seeks butch looking, cut.

dominant that can relate out of the bedroom as well. Box 201N.I.

SOUTH CENTRAL, SM, w/m, 42, 611", 154 lbs, 7½" uncut, experienced, seeks same. Can pick up on partner's needs and supply them. Should be same age, masculine or muscular, med or well-endowed. No fems, scat, drunks, or younger no facial hair. Box 15,

JERSEY CITY, M, Libra, 34, 6', 163 lbs., white, 6'', novice. Have enjoyed light leather bondage and spanking while spreadeagle. Reads for more. Need rugged Master who wants me in that position so he can use me and let his friends use me, too. I'll serve as third to a Master and his slave. Can get into Manhat-tan easily, Box 101NJ.

BELLEVILLE, 55, 5'10", 160 lbs., 7" cut, medium build, dominant S looking for asseaters, hot mouthed bottoms. No dope, drunks, fems.

NJ/NY, Captain on early retirement, 55, 5'10", 150 lbs., 7" cut thick, misses congenial sailors and docile, servile cabin boys. Would like to meat retired semen, Will break down or break in docile, servile cabin boys what kneeded on Write to your captain and get in close touch. No fats, fems, drunks or dopers. Fred Holmes, Box 302, Bellville, NJ 07109,

TORTURE TURN YOU ON? Wonder how much you can take? Let's find out! Expert, level-headed Sadist, w/m, 34, 5'10", 155 lbs., looking for masochist man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bond age, pain, torture. No groveling, bootlickers into master/slave humiliaoge, pain, bootlikkers into master/server, tion games. Want strong, young, goodlooking, well-built studs I can enjoy watching twist, sweat and moan under slow torture and the whip in my fantastically equipped dungeon. Also dig outdoor scenes. juries. Limits sensitively explored and expanded. Send description, experi-ences, fantasies, photos, SASE. NJ/ NYC area. Box 320.

WANTED - TOP DUDE, you slim, with fat over-8" cock to needs satisfaction. This young year old novice bondage slave digs rced ass and mouth fucking forcefeeding cum and piss, topped with lots of verbal abuse by kinky top. Box 664.

SOUTH JERSEY, S, 43, 6'2", 180 lbs., masculine, cut, requires oral servitude, much cocksucking from younger slaves. Titwork, face fuckyounger saves, I twork, lace luck-ing, verbal abuse and discipline, Tall, patient but firm. Natural, easygoing topman. Answer with photo for hot reply. No fats or fems. Box 656.

NEW YORK

W/m slave, 35, Capricorn, into heavy, prolonged leather bondage, harnes ses, masks, strait-jackets, rubber, bandages, etc. Into enemas. Looking for together guy who is also affec-tionate. Into total bondage lifestyle. Am 5'10", 155 lbs. Box 107.

tall, white man over 20, Box 80

MS, 38, 5'10", 150 lbs., 6\%" cut, into anal sex, FF on a reciprocal basis. Prefer Orientals, 30-45, trim. Am level headed and adventurous, Prefer slightly dominant partner. Box

MY CABIN IN THE WOODS or your pad, whichever you prefer, 37, 6'2", 160 lbs., 5\%" cut, and new leather to the leather scene seeks hung, rugged studs who like to be worshiped in their leathers. Flicks, booze, poppers, jocks, dirty talk, and the aroma of leather turns me want to learn about w/s. BD enemas, fantasies and kinky scenes from big-cocked masters. No fats or fems. Will try most anything once.

My tender white ass awaits you pleasure Will answer all Box 95 REPORTING AS ORDERED SIR! Sadistical, ex-Marine, former platoor leader in Nam, needs married mer commanding officer's verbal and physical abuse/discipline, in exchange for mutual gratification. Pix helps. Box 650.

GEMINI, 41, 6'3", slender, good body, 6", tattoo; seeks versatile partners. Am novice in both stances. Box 452A

SUPER HEAVY S&M Way out and wild S&M given to hot ung slave by brutal, well-equipped Master. Real m's send photo, age, experience to: Box 12-R, c/o Room 603, 147 West 42nd St., New York,

HOT COWBOY TOPMAN, w/m, 24, 6'4", 165 lbs, into FF, GR, FR, WS, Hayloft, and tying up real hot men over fences. Men reply only. Box 647

NYC, seriously sadistic "gentleman" master, 6'2", 180 lbs., 48, will audi-tion attractive younger masochist tion attractive younger frasculist slaves for heavy abuse, possible permanent servitude, I'm alternately cruel & affectionate. You should arovel, revel in both. Detailed letter, grovel, revel in both, D photo, phone, Box 645,

Experienced slave, 35, good-looking masculine, into leather, uniforms Experienced services, into leather, uniforms, naunchy jockstraps, piss, shaving, seeks hot brutal stud master who will totally use, abuse, humiliate, degrade this animal. Photos exchanged, Al Box 1116, F.D.R. Sta., NYC, NY-0002

ROCHESTER, W/m, 34, 200 lbs., 6' slave into mutual rough play, B&D, heavy tit work. Box 4024, Rochester, NY 14610.

Butch, strictly monogamous S&M, L&L, B&D, dildoes, FF, WS, scat, couple interested in meeting monogamous couple into same, No partner swapping, share sexual trips together. Explicit letter gets immediate re-sponse. Box 639.

Basic, rugged w/m, brains and appeal, 25, 5'11'', 175 lbs, Needs essential link for relation, Interests: raunch to link for relation, Interests, raunch to political philosophy, bondage to crew. Want equal, 25-35, mentally, physically adept and aggressive for manlove and leathersex. No bullshit, Boston, Chicago, Washington D.C., Montreal, Mark, 1008 Baldwin Path, Dix Hills, NY 11746.

NEW YORK, M, 30, 5'8", 145 lbs., Cancer/Leo, 7%" uncut, handsome Cancer/Leo, 7%" uncut, handsome, hot, masculine. Levis, uniforms and much more. Sexually versatile, many interests. Would like to hear from other guys, all races, Will answer all Box 636.

COWBOY PHOTOGRAPHER with photos in Gay Mag's needs to photo mucos in usay Mag's needs to photo indoor action of Hot Studs into S&M and B&D. Also want Butch Punks into piercing, Bikes, tattooing, shaving and raunchy action, Pay or photos. Submit qualifications and photo to LPM, 219 West 15 St., NYC 10011. GREENWICH VILLAGE, 28, 6'2 155 lbs., blonde bodybuilder, 10%", thick and uncut. Fantastic pecs, super buns; seeks similar or anything hot and dirty from 18-45 Twist my tits, fist my ass, scat my mouth and then piss all over me. Leather, levis, groups, wet and will-ing. Insatiable and without any limits. Your photo gets mine, plus anything else you may want, Box 118.

NEW YORK M, Sag., needing training. Am 36, 155 lbs, white, 8" uncut, J.M.C., Box 28, Shirley, NY 11967.

HOT EX-MARINE in early forties chunchy timae with gweaty dudes in jocks. Box 662

FORESKIN, longest and thickest in NYC, big balls, 49, 6', 190 lbs., mutual CB torture. Daytime preferred. Box 655.

interested in aprons, breechcloths, loincloths, penis sheaths and other unusual genital coverings. P.O. Box 348, Brooklyn, NY 11230. GREENWICH VILLAGE, S. Taurus, 46, 59", 172 lbs., 6" uncut, white, experienced trustworthy, imaginative master seeks serious macho lesther/levi partner to 48 with reasonable endurance, into \$&M, spreadcagle bondage, dog discipline. No extremes. Limits respected, expanded. No fems, fats, fakes. Sand

appropriately submissive reply. Box NEW YORK, Arvan, 47, 5'8", Aries/ Taurus cusp, into motorcycles, boots, police uniforms, tattoos and S&M; interested in corresponding with stocky cigar smoking macho man, 40 plus. Box 52H.

NYC Leather Master, 30, 6', 170 lbs., 7" cut, mustache, seeks real slave, You will live in full, firm 30, 6', 170 lbs., 7" cut, mustache, seeks real slave. You will live in full, firm discipline. My satisfaction is very difficult to earn. I'm willing to accept well-trained slaves wen-trained slaves or to train a novice, Attitude is all important, Write grovelling letter begging for interview, Be prepared for the total security of total surrender, Box 255,

SILICONE SILICONE
Masculine, hot man interested in connecting with siliconed men. Don't write if you haven't had it done, Exchange information, ideas, photos. Can travel. Box 405F.

BROOKLYN, S, 6', 170 lbs., 30, muscular, 7" cut, Taurus looking for man, 18-40, with genuine attitude of servitude. Should be masculine, well built, mentally and emo-tionally flexible. Box 255.

MS, Leo, 31, 5'9", 165 lbs., 6%", hot, goodlooking, masculine, bearded, muscular guy; warm and intelligent, wants to give himself to a together, well-hung stud. Fill my mouth and ass with your cock, hand and piss, clamp my tits, Into most scenes, but no heavy pain. Box 405E

NEW YORK, S. Taurus, 44, 6', 170 lbs., white, 7", novice. Seeks dark, hairy slave with large, uncut cock, Must be knowledgeable, clean. Box 153P.

NEW YORK, M, Aquerius, 36, 5'7", 130 lbs., 7" cut, goodlooking, clean-cut novice seeks macho, goodlooking, dominant partners. Likes verbal abuse, humilisition, and WS from masculine, cleancut top men, 25-50. No hard S&M or brutality. Tight, hard build and boots a turn-on. Box 2006.

ENGLAND

CNUON, Leather ony, 677. 170

Lohite, They set witestly

Wants to meet groovy, muscular
mees with know how to serve a real
master. Am into most scenes. Enjoy

100 male and proud of it. Write
an your knees, Senia a photo and I
all send mine. If you are a real slave,
they will be senior of the sen

MIDDLESEX, 37, 5'10", 145 lbs., 7 cut, medium build, short hair, 7 cut, medium build, short hair, 9 masculine, seeks same, over 30, 9 maginative, into leather/uniforms or 9 cris, hung. Am into good S&M, bondage, fisting, whipping, dildoes. 80x 383.

SM, 45, 5'11", 6" cut; imaginative, mide range of interests, willingness. Box 359.

VISITING LONDON?
Visist THE FESTIVAL CLUB, London's oldest and friendliest gay club.
Make it your London bose. Open 11 am til 3 pm and 5:30 pm til midnight. The Festival Club, 2 Brydges Place, St. Martin's Lane, London WC2. Phone 01:538-1436.

FUROPE

HOLLAND/ANYWHERE, Masculine mind, bland, sporty, handsome, 38, 510°, 152 lbs. Experienced fuckag, FF, scat. Either role, Honest, discreet. Seeks friends, Photoletters answered. German, English, French,

AMERICANS IN EUROPE
Coming to Europe for one year
starting June 1980. Looking for muscular father types with big cocks
into S&M, boots, uniforms. Need
places to stay, confacts, bars, etc.
Have leather and toys. Am 21, 58",
140 lbs. 8" cut, Send photo. Box

LUXEMBOURG

Novice needs training. W/m, 33, 183 cm., 75 kg., prefers beards, moustaches, country life. Box 629.

FRANCE

MASOCHIST searching for Mester who knows how to use enemas to capacity, whipping, dildes, strict education, humiliation, forced treatments, I am experienced, Well-hung sedist welcome Box 96

WEST GERMANY

MUNICH, SM, 37, 189 cm., 83 kg., 15 cm uncut, muscular; looking for men with beards or moustache, in leather or uniform, over 30, who see masculine, able to command or take commands. No fats, ferns, undeen, Box 270.

WEST GERMANY
German S, 42, 5'6", 140 lbs, masculine, bearded, hung and uncut, seeks active, masculine slaves, 18:50, into S&M, humiliation and far-out, kinky sex. Visit USA twice a year, Gameroom and equipment are awaiting visitors to Germany. Send photo.

German SM, 34, 6'2", uncut, experienced, wants to meet men on both coasts into leather, levis, toys, and games. No hangups about age, race or endowment. Also want to share slaves with Masters, use and abuse them. Also interested in exchanging ideas, etc. Write with details and photo, Box 134.

BERLIN, SM, 33, 6'2", white, 7" uncut, experienced, tending toward 5 ravels to the special spe

WEST GERMANY

Dutch guy, 30, blonde, 6"2", hairy, long legs, coming to the States in April and September, wants to meet and correspond with Black Master, Into licking, sucking, w/s, getting fucked etr. flox 108.

SWEDEN

Malmo, S. 41, 6'1", 70 kg, 7%"
uncut, hard and demanding top seeks slaves who want to be completely controlled. No garnes, the real thing one of the complete seeks share who want to be completely controlled. No garnes, the real thing one of the controlled of the controlled

MUST BE REALLY MALE
M, 30, can assume either role; interested in a real man, Tends to be
passive. Into levis, leather, cowboys.
Into sex toys, Can travel. Willing to
correspond with other Masters and
slaves. Box 228M.

SWITZERLAND

ZURICH, hot hunk, 30, 6', 180 lbs., 5 gym body, 31' waist, 44' chest, 8' uncut julcy tool, into heavy give and take, toys, exhibitionism, jo, its orture, CRB work, old wereting, muscular topmen. Bottoms submit. Am often in NYC/CHICAGO. May and Sept. in Calif. Letter with photo. 80x 626.

GENEVA, Bottom, 36, Fr. act, Gr. pass, tall, slim, accommodations (sex, bed and breakfast) for top men on their way through Geneva, Telephone in advance, (022) 31-91-76.

BODYBUILDER
Leather stud, 27, into heavy chests
and big pecs, muscular asses; would
like to see photos of American bodybuilders into leather straps, jocks and
heavy action. Anreas Buhlmann,
Nordstrasse 59, 8006 Zurich CH,

MISC

AMATEUR WRESTLERS WANTED

AMATEUR WRESTLERS WANTED NIGHTLY MATCHES WINNER TAKE ALL Photo required. See Henry, David or Jonathan: UNDER THE PIERS, 174 Valencia, San Francisco, CA 94103. (415) 626-6491.

LATE ARRIVALS

SAN FRANCISCO, goodlooking uncut stud, Seeks dominant butch uniformed law man, cycle cop, leatherman, cycle cop, leatherper of comments of the comments of the property of the comments of the comments of the doctor C&B, Witchcraft and a few other outrageous far out things that we will talk about, Aroma, etc. No one who doesn't know where their head is Please Sir Box 167.

LONDON, M, 40, 5'9", 150 lbs., 5%" uncut, into WS, leather, rubber, combat gear, seeks dominant to 45, strict, but respectful of limits. Box 630.

LONDON AND YORKSHIRE, S, 5'9W", 50, 180 lbs., would like to meet visitors to Britain, Very experienced master, Box 557.



IF LEATHER IS YOUR LIFESTYLE, OR YOU WOULD LIKE FOR IT TO BE ... MAY WE SUGGEST SOMEONE TO DO IT WITH?

THE LEATHER GAME IS BEST PLAYED WITH THOSE WHO KNOW HOW TO PLAY IT. Join that select group and/or let them join you. Somewhere right now, probably in your own area, there is someone who would like very much to meet you, to get it an or at least talk it oner with

We have made a lot of friends among Leather people from coast to coast, in fact from all over the world. There are some very nice, hunky, deficiated guys who are unsatisfied with the average relationship. They are looking for men who are decidedly not run of the mill.

What well your LEATHER FRATERINTY membership get you? Twelve issues of DRUMBER for one thing with the most exciting articles, fiction, photography and art from your world. And in each issue a Drumbest at delling your story to that someone out there that is also looking for a goy like you. Replied from you to other advertises will be forwarded free of charge as a LEATHER FRATERIUTY in access of the cost of your absorption and advertising is the line access of the control of your absorption and advertising is the line access of the control of your absorption and advertising is the line access of the control of your absorption and advertising is the line access of the control of your absorption and advertising is the line access of the control of your absorption and advertising is the line access of the control of your absorption and advertising is the line access of the control of your access the control of the

Or if you are already a DRUMMER subscriber, your membership is only \$25. If Leather is your lifestyle, or you would like for it to be, let The LEATHER FRATERNITY





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AND MAKE IT SNAPPY.

]	HERE	IS A	BUCK.	SEND	ME	MORE	INFOR	MATIO
la	me _							

Address _____ City, State, Zip

(I am of legal age) ______ signature

VIRGINIA

YNCHBURG, MS, 31, 5'11", 145 lbs., 7" cut, knowledgeable, looking for someone willing to take time in te, masculine, no

SM (S preferred) 29, 5'6", 142 lbs., muscular, 8" cut, seeks short-haired, cleancut, muscular M who is mascu-line and knows how to follow orders. Am demanding, forceful - but know when to pull back, respect limits.
While I am attracted to other tops, it takes quite a man to get me to bot-tom, and then not for very long. Box 294V50.

RICHMOND, S, Leo, 45, 6'1", 175 lbs., white, 3" cut, brown hair, blue eyes. Harley rider, ex-cycle cop into high boots, breeches, cycle cop uni-forms, studs into big bikes and studs who side them circum lasting lasting. forms, studs into big bikes and studs who ride them, cigars, leather/levis, truckers, horses, WS, I/o, light S&M, boot lover. Business necessitutes travel entire U.S. Replies with photo and phone get mine. Box 5501, Richmond, VA 23220.

WASHINGTON TACOMA, SM, Capricorn, 37, 6'3", 190 lbs., white, 7"; novice wants to learn both roles from clean, knowledgable partner. Owns Harley and prefers bike owner. No fems, fats. Box 18562.

TACOMA, SM, completely inexperi-enced, 7" uncut, 5'10", 240 lbs. enced, 7" Box 181X

SEATTLE AREA, FF top and/or bottom looking for good times. Lowing fist, trained by the best. Enjoy men, not boys. Into uniforms, sports (if you know what I meun); am hot for truckers, cowboys and leathermen. Am 5'11", 170 lbs., nusky, 9" uncut. Box 598.

Box 130W.

WISCONSIN WATERTOWN, S, Libra, 27, 6' 175 lbs., white, 7": novice wil 175 lbs., white, 7"; novice will satisfy needs of mutually honest, understanding partner. Into WS, B&D, humilistion, public exhibition-ism, No heavy drugs, selfish types.

MANITOWOC, SM, Aquarius, 28, 57". 150 lbs., white, 7"; novice, Mean, bearded stud seeks available contacts to 24 with nice ass, at least 6". Nobody too involved in gay scene. Box 62K.

MILWAUKEE, MS, Capricorn, 42, 6'4", 210 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable. 15 years as a slave has taught him to enjoy both sides with intelligent partner, 25-60, No fats, Box 294/85.

CONTACTS

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Goodlooking, 5'4", 130 lbs., trim black beard, short hair, 26 years old, into hair cutting, \$15. Paco (212) 243-1786, Write: 30 Perry St., 1-F, New York, NY 10014. WHEN IN NEW YORK CITY Gay Switchboard of New York (212) 777-1800 - 3PM-Midnight

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AUSTRALIA MELBOURNE, M, 42, 6'3

lbs., 7" cut, seeks topmen, 25-45 hung, macho, well built. Am willin to experiment, but my limits should be respected 19-1-200 to experiment, but m be respected. Box 268 CANADA

MONTREAL S, 32, 6', dark hair, into heavy and long sessions of S&M, pain, humiliation, bondage, cropping, catheters.

tion, bondage, cropping, catheters, tit-cock-ball work; at home or in public. Will cross, stretch, and ex-pand but respect limits of willing and respectful M's. Box 123. STUDS SERVICED

Have pad. (604) 921-7721

S, 45, 5'11", 150 lbs., slender, blonde, hairy, 8" cut, stern disci-plinarian, but considerate and re-spects limits. Seeks 18-40, slender, under 5'10" prefer uncut, should be advantureur, and willier to leave be adventurous and willing to learn with the assistance of my personal slave. No fats, fems, scat. Appli-cants should be willing to experi-ment with mild S&M. B&D. WS. and toys. Box 238

ONTARIO, 26, 140 lbs., 5'8", 6% cut, semi-muscular M looks for muscular or well built masculine men under 40, well-hung, white or Black. Have real desire to serve, have my asshole used. Box 473. FOREIGN MAIL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 31c per ½ ounce. Letters without correct postage will be returned.

CONRAP

PRISON RESOURCES

Although there are a lot of gay organizations that cater to specific needs within the overall gay community, gay prisoner groups are few. Below are listed some of the larger organizations. As we receive information about new groups, we will include that information in this column

FORTUNE SOCIETY 29 East 22nd Street New York, NY 10010

This is the grand-daddy of gay prison/ prisoner organizations. They provide a number of services and publish a newsletter: Fortune News.

PRISONERS UNION

1315 Eighteenth Street San Francisco, CA 94107 An organization of about 25,000 con-

victs and ex-convicts who have joined forces to negotiate collective bargaining within correctional facilities. They publish a newsletter called Outlow.

NATIONAL PRISON PROJECT AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION 1346 Connecticut Ave, NW Washington, DC 20036

The ACLU is the vanguard of civil liberties protection in the United States, and their Prison Project works very hard to insure immates enjoy the same Bill of Rights protections as people on the out-

PRISON PEN PALS

Cincinnati, OH 45202

A private organization that arranges correspondence between prisoners and people on the outside. While the organization is not gay, it makes no difference between gay and non-gay prisoners. Just be upfront about your gayness in contacting them,

PRISON PAROLE AND PROBATION PROGRAM L.A. Gay Community Services Center

L.A. Gay Community Services Center Box 38777 Los Angeles, CA 90038

A variety of programs are offered by this umbrella organization in Los Angeles.

GAYCON NEWSLETTER

The editor of this important and popular newsletter suffered some personal difficulties from which he has recovered. News of The Gaycon Newsletter's reappearance will be in the next ConRap column

PRISONERS

James Diaz, No. 78A2610, Clinton Correctional Facility, Box 367 — Merle Cooper, Dannemora, NY 12929. He is 25 years old, 5'8", 150 lbs., and is looking to correspond with a gay man. Robert Trapier, No. 72A1249, Clinton Correctional Facility, Box 367 – Merle Cooper Dumming, Box 367 – Merle Cooper Dumming of Vision 100 – Merle Am 30, 57 – 159 lbs., how AV 10" – Let Mary Looking for a man to put it in .1 have been down for some time, but will be getting out in fully 1981. Will answer all letters, and will send a photo.

George Tolbert, No. 142-112, Box 69, London Correctional Institute, London, OH 43140, I am a first-time offender in need of the therapeutic touch of communication with caring people. Will answer all who care enough to write.

Donald E. Barks, No. 145-541, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699, I am 23, Black, muscular, 5'10", 168 lbs. I am looking for an understanding correspondence that could turn into a relationship.

PUBLICATIONS

Gay prisoners have a difficult time reciving pay publications for any number of reasons, including the unwillingness on the part of the prison to allow them to on the part of the prison to allow them to DRUMMER, have an even more diffitured to the prison tend to view DRUMMER as 'unsetting', thowever, a number of publications make thouser, a purpose of the prison of the prison that the prison of the prison of the almost all cases, the publication requires almost all cases, the publication requires that the prisone write asking for a free copy himself. If you have a prison corretion of the prison of the prison of the prison of the copy himself. If you have a prison corretion to the prison of the priso

R.F.D., Route 1, Box 92E, Efland, NC 27243. RFD is a magazine written for gays in rural areas. They feature a prison page in each issue.

Revolutionary Socialist League, Box 562, New York, NY 10036. The League publishes a newspaper, The Torch, which is bi-lingual (English and Spanish) and will send a free subscription to prisoners.

The Alternate, 15 Harriet, San Francisco, CA 94103. The Alternate is published bi-monthly and centers on gay literature, art, and politics. A copy will be sent free to prisoners requesting one.

War Resisters League, 339 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10012. The League publishes a calendar each year that they will send free to prisoners. The theme of this year's calendar is "While There is a Soul in Prison."

Gay Insurgent, Box 2337, Philadelphia, PA 19103. This publication comes out three times a year and is intended for a highly literate audience of gay activists. Subscriptions will be sent free to prisoners requesting one.









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DRUMMER views the Flicks



MAD MAX

If you've never heard of this Australian film, the theatre poster should be enough to convince you it's going to be a heavy-duty B-grade treat; tempting as hell with its regalla of leather and chrome imagery. And if you aron't looking for cinema art, you might even like it. This tall, clean-cut man in a black

leather policeman's uniform with a monster gun in his arms — sitting atop a large red rock precipice — he looked capable. Another version:

Huge cop towering over me. I want him . . . bad. Black leather gloves snug on thick fists, holding a powerful, alien gun.
Yes, man...let me feel that fat cop
tool slide down my throat ...let me
know what it feels like ...look at me,
drooling for it.

drooting for st.
"You went it, shitface, you gotta
earn it. Gotta lick my gun, you worthless pile of shit. Suck on it. More! I'll
blow your fucking brains out if you don't
open up and swallow more of the barrel.
C'mon, fucker!"

The film opens with some fat and ugly slob and his girlfriend cruising around in their souped-up black sports car, raising

hell on the highways, And they're being chased by a pair of Laurel and Hardy-type cops. Whoever designed the costumes for these cops had a leather fetish the likes of which you've never seen before – slick black jackets with shoulder pads, tight leather pants, boots with thick lug soles. Strictly made to make admirers grovel.

The film cuts to a well-built stud leaning under the hood of his cop car. You don't see his face, but the radio is blaring for him to go after the hell-raisers from the previous scene. He comes

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about six-feet-five-inches, bald, has pecs as big as a football field, biceps that would beat the band, and is just a mean looking son-of-a-bitch. He smokes a fat loigar. It suits him, he has fat fingers.

With some fast talking, he convinces wax to hold off on the resignation, take

Max to hold off on the resignation, take his little wife and kid on a vacation, and reconsider when he gets back. The vacation turns a little sour when lessie runs into Nightrider and the boys. From here on out, it's strictly special effects for pure sensationalism's sake, and every trick in the director's aske, and every trick in the director's



bag is used to keep the carnage coming, non-stop, til the end. This could become the cult movie of

This could become the cult movie of the 1980s. It's nowhere near as sophisticated as *Clockwork Orange*; which might be in its favor. And it makes rape,

plunder, murder, and motorized meyham look like popular recreational activities. And if the draggy scenes between Max and Jessie were cut, it would be worth sceing three times.



out from under the hood, but still no face, just a tight close-up of him putting industrial hand cleaner on his thick hands - the camera pulling back to expose his big, muscle-ridden biceps.

Another version: I'm handcuffed, facing the radiator, watching him pull out from under the hood. Biceps buldge while he smears Crisco on his meaty fist. I'm starting to tremble . . . fearlanticipation. I feel. but don't see, one of those huge hands on

the cheek of my ass. The camera shows us his face: wide jaw, full lips that droop slightly at the ends, strong straight nose, deep-set and hyptonizing obsidion eyes, dark brows. This is obviously Mad Max. This is the

hero of the film. He puts on his leather jacket, gets in the car, goes after the troublemakers. catches them, and manages to conclude the feat in a firey crash that wipes them out of existence and will sear your eyeballs.

It turns out that Max has unknowingly killed the leader of a motorcycle gang that has a history of terrorizing traditional four-wheel vehicle drivers. It also

sexuality between Nightrider and Johnny translates to embarassingly mushy mo-ments between Max and Jessie that aren't tender, just dumb. But the people who made this film are obviously into

action, not dialogue,

Nightrider, still bent on revenge, has Johnny kill Max's partner and friend, Jimmy Goose. And the Director, George Miller, could easily be mistaken for a closet pyromaniac, because there are fires everywhere, anytime, at the slightest provocation, It's Towering Inferno set on the absolutely flat Australian outback.

Johnny (Tim Burns) is the best actor in the film; his character is so psychotic and he is so believeable in the role, that it's either pure talent or he's going to grow up to be Adolph Hitler. That is, if he ever gets out from under Nightrider.

Another version: Johnny is on his hands and knees in front of me, his head hanging down real low . . . he's naked . . . I can see the smooth skin of his back pulled across tight muscular shoulders, heaving from sobs as the beautiful cat-of-nine whips across his back, cutting thin slices into his flesh, where lines of bright blood spring to the surface,

He raises his head to look at me. His dark eves are rich-colored but blank, He is absolutely silent except for the low moan that escapes his throat with each

His lips part, with the slightest trem-e . . "C'mon, Johnny, dog, lick your master's hands . . worship the hand that whips you. Suck the fingers, suck them real nice. All of them — all of it, take all that hand in your mouth. Whatsa matter, afraid you can't breathe? Well. it don't matter. You're mine, and you



ain't gonna breathe until I tell you you can. Open that throat wide and let me

Max is freaked out by his partner's murder and storms into the office of the Chief of Police, Fifi Macaffee (Yes, Fifi!) to submit his long-contemplated resignation.

Fifi just doesn't fit his name. He's



seems that this film is set slightly in the future, when motorcycles reign supreme and the police have become ineffectual morons. And it also turns out that Mad Max is the superhero of the police - he always gets his man.

The gang declares revenge, and its new leader, Nightrider, takes them on a terror campaign against the residents of a small town. The gang chases and captures a teenage couple driving a primo '61 Chevy, and rapes them both, totally trashing their car in an orgy of crowbars and broken glass.

Nightrider has a beautiful, lean slave boy named Johnny, Remember, this is an Australian film - gay characters are re-quired to be the bad guys.

Max has a wife. The powerful paen of



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